# The Commonweal

*A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs*

EDITORS

HARRY L. BINSSE PHILIP BURNHAM MARY KOLARS
JOHN J. O'CONNOR EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.
MICHAEL WILLIAMS

Published weekly and copyrighted, 1938, in the United States, by the Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, February 9, 1934, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. United States: $5.00; Canada: $5.50; Foreign: $6.00. Single copies: $.10.

VOLUME XXVII Friday, April 1, 1938 NUMBER 23


## CONTENTS


International Anarchy ..... 617
Week by Week ..... 619
The Airplane in Future War ....W. F. Kernan 621
Veuillot, Master of Obedience ..H. A. Jules-Bois 623
Reporters at Large .....Clem Lane 625
Crow (*verse*) .....Frances Frost 626
Mr. Henry's Slanting Acres ....Vincent Engels 627
Italy's Choice .....Carlo Sforza 629
Weird Worlds .....Alex McGavick 630
Singers in France (*verse*) .....
Robert P. Tristram Coffin 631
Seven Days' Survey ..... 632
The Play .....Grenville Vernon 636
The Screen .....James P. Cunningham 636
Communications ..... 637
Books .....Geoffrey Stone,
John J. O'Connor, Edward Skillin, jr.,
David A. Elms, John P. McCaffrey .... 639



Previous issues of THE COMMONWEAL are indexed in the *Reader's Guide and the Catholic Periodical Index.*


# INTERNATIONAL ANARCHY

WE PROPOSE to examine certain aspects of our foreign policy as outlined so ably and forcibly by Secretary of State Hull in his recent address before the National Press Club in Washington. We are happy to have this authoritative pronouncement by one qualified in the highest degree to make known the position of the United States in the field of international relations.

Mr. Hull directed attention to a public statement which he issued last year and which set forth the fundamental principles to which our government adheres in the formulation of its foreign policy. One of those principles was that all nations should uphold the principle of the sanctity of treaties and of faithful observance of international agreements.

Few people will question the urgent necessity of adherence to this common-sense principle—considered merely as a theoretical proposition. When the attempt is made to apply it in the modern world, however, we immediately note that one major assumption contained in the principle is without foundation in reality. The assumption, of course, is that existing treaties do not violate any fundamental Christian tenet. But the dictated, vindictive treaties of Versailles and St. Germain, for example, unquestionably violated a good many Christian tenets. We conclude that nations do not today and never will adhere to a principle which contains at least one major assumption that is not verified in the treaties themselves.

Modern treaties are not necessarily sacred simply because they are treaties. We are confident that our interpretation of the principle coincides with Mr. Hull's own views. To demand that nations observe treaties that are iniquitous is to demand the impossible. The sooner this fact is universally acknowledged, the sooner will editors be able to record progress in preserving western civilization from ruin.


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Let us consider another of Mr. Hull's principles. All nations, he declared, should seek to adjust problems arising in their international relations by processes of peaceful negotiation and agreement. An excellent principle—in theory. But how faithfully has it been observed in post-war Europe? The Polish-Lithuanian crisis is a case in point. These two nations have resolutely practised non-intercourse for nearly two decades. Why? If both nations had honestly and sincerely sought to adjust their differences by a thoroughgoing application of Christian standards of right and wrong to the various issues that separated them, Europe would not have been terrorized again by the immanent threat of an international conflict that could easily have assumed major proportions.

Still a third American principle attracts our notice—namely, that each nation should perform scrupulously its own established obligations. Here again, we must assume that the obligation was not imposed by force and without the consent of the nation in question. So far as we are aware, to cite a particular instance, Czechoslovakia voluntarily agreed to respect the rights of minorities within her borders. But has she so acted with regard to the three and one-third million Sudetic Germans? Only a few days ago it was announced that the Czechoslovakian Cabinet Council decided that German districts would, in the future, be administered by German nationals. Czechoslovakia has not been conspicuous during the past two decades for fair treatment of minorities. She has apparently granted concessions long overdue only when threatened by invasion. We cannot hope for appeasement if nations persist in wrongdoing and yield only to the threat of force.

Mr. Hull's principles, when correctly interpreted, provide an excellent norm of international morality. Judged by this standard, while many nations are guilty of serious misdeeds, some are still, perhaps, in good standing. Mr. Hull declared that our government will seek to exercise moral influence and will cooperate in every practical way with all peace-seeking nations "in support of those basic principles which are indispensable to the promotion and maintenance of stable conditions of peace."

We regret very much that Mr. Hull did not clarify our foreign policy to the extent of giving us a definition of "peace-seeking" nations. Soviet Russia has gratuitously enrolled herself in this select group—and yet few nations in modern times have a more odious record of aggression. We have not forgotten such Soviet pacifists as Bela Kun. We do not forget Soviet aggression in Spain. France perhaps? But France so loves peace that she has allied herself with Russia and pursues a similar course of aggressive action by generous military aid to the anti-democratic Loyalist government in Spain. Britain? The British government is so active in the search for peace that she has lamentably failed to erase one major source of international ill-will. She has not paid her debts to our government. She stubbornly refuses to repair a great injustice by giving her consent to Irish unity. Before we embark upon any course of parallel action with other nations, we should make definitely sure that they are sincerely devoted to the cause of world peace and are not merely seeking our military and naval aid for the defense of their national and international interests.

Mr. Hull made it perfectly clear that we will not follow a policy of strict isolation. We will not abandon our nationals and our interests in the Far East—or in any other part of the world. On the contrary, we will afford them appropriate and reasonable protection.

"To waive rights and to permit interests to lapse in the face of their actual or threatened violation—and thereby to abandon obligations—in any important area of the world," he explained, "can serve only to encourage disregard of law and of the basic principles of international order, and thus contribute to the inevitable spread of international anarchy throughout the world. For this country, as for any country, to act in such manner anywhere would be to invite disregard and violation of its rights and interests everywhere, by every nation so inclined, large or small."

Only a few weeks ago we were asked to study the United States defense line which extended from the Aleutian Islands to Hawaii to Samoa to Panama and up through the Caribbean to the Virgin Islands and thence to the coast of Maine. It was generally believed that there was a direct relation between our huge naval-building program and that defense zone. Our navy was to be used for defensive purposes only—to protect the territorial mainland and the island possessions of the United States. Now it appears that our naval strength must be increased not merely to defend that line or zone but in order "to have this country respected throughout the world for integrity, justice, good-will, strength and unswerving loyalty to principles."

We have, in effect, served notice on the world that if American rights are anywhere flagrantly violated and if thereby the principles which underlie international order are outraged, we will fight. We will talk the language of peace to those who will converse with us. We will permit our guns to speak for us if any nation, by ruthlessly pursuing a doctrine of force, seriously endangers our far-flung imperial interests.

No one can predict whether such a policy will retard or hasten the advent of a stable international order. But of this we are certain: injustice cannot be uprooted with sixteen-inch guns.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Week by Week

CONGRESSIONAL leaders hope for adjournment in May. The Senate, however, refused to be hurried in its consideration of the reorganization bill which, even in its present modified form, encountered strong opposition. The Wheeler amendment, which would have greatly curbed the President's power to effect changes, was defeated. Senator Byrd's amendment, calling for a 10 percent reduction in regular federal expenditures, likewise received an adverse vote. William Green, A. F. L. president, strongly urged that the bill be recommitted for further study. By a 291 to 100 vote the House passed the billion-dollar Naval Construction Bill. Chairman Vinson of the Committee on Naval Affairs asserted that the huge appropriation was not a matter of pride or prestige, "but is an actual necessity of national defense." Any other course, he added, would jeopardize the security of the United States. Mr. Vinson, having in mind Mr. Hull's address, should have frankly admitted that a more powerful navy will not only be used to protect our mainland and possessions but will also be used to guarantee respect for American rights in every part of the world. Veterans' organizations, completely ignoring the serious relief and unemployment problem in this country and totally unmindful of the already heavy burden of taxation which our people are now carrying, speeded up their campaign to loot the treasury of $75,000,000 a year by demanding more liberal pensions. We have previously condemned this selfish, greedy policy of grab and again express our opposition to the Rankin bill and to all similar undemocratic class legislation.

*The Trend of Events*

ARTHUR E. MORGAN, ex-chairman of the TVA, has chosen for himself a very melodramatic rôle, and he seems to be playing it to the hilt. However, not even the warmest defenders of his opponents and verbal victims, Mr. Lilienthal, Mr. H. H. Morgan and President Roosevelt, are labeling him personally as sinister villain. Still, the uses his new part can be put to as a symbol by a partizan audience send shivers up "reformer" spines. His defiance of the President is the flattest to date, and those who do not consider it stubbornness or insolence will know it for providential heroism. Conservatives who dislike government "competition" and especially the New Deal utility policy are not likely to pass up this opportunity to bring up their score with heavy hitting. The ones who "hate Roosevelt" will love this Mr. Morgan. It is difficult to know what pertinent information a congressional committee of inquiry could present which ex-Chairman Morgan has not had every opportunity to produce and publicize already. Undoubtedly we shall soon see if there is any, because the formation of such a committee seems assured. The inquiry will probably disclose no shocking corruption in the acts of any of the battling directors. It will probably show a remarkable similarity of public aims for TVA on the part of all three. We hope any inquiry will furnish the opportunity for clarifying the ideas and rallying the efforts of believers in the integral development of American regions, especially the most poverty-stricken regions.

*Ardent Defier*

ONE VERY obvious reason for the American recession is the international situation. For the world as a whole it is a matter of opinion how much the economic depression causes bad foreign relations, and how much international tensions cause the depression, but now, in this country, we may feel with fairly confident virtue, more sinned against than sinning. Superficially this was controverted during the Austro-Lithuanian week by international finance. The economy of Europe suffered a sharper crisis than at any time since July, 1914, and this brought a powerful enough relative advance in our own affairs to attract gold to our Treasury and buying orders to our exchanges. America, it was noted, again became the financial center of the world. But the situation was completely different than during the post-war boom. We are perhaps now the comparatively smooth and passive center of a whirlpool. We are not seeking investment opportunities in impecunious foreign states this season. No one even wants to take our money and use it elsewhere, and that unprecedented situation is depressing. We have had to invent techniques to sterilize other people's gold when they insist on sending it over to us. Only in the increase of imports compared to exports—a rational development for creditor nations—are we moving toward a more active assumption of leading position in finance. In general, we may sincerely hope that our present dominating economic position does not last long, so that we may be economically more prosperous.

*Financial Dominance*

ON THE return of the balmy zephyrs of spring, with the buds and the shrubs and the birds, human hopes are once again rekindled. The nation's business men are not immune to nature's spell this year; the long-awaited upturn at last is hoped to be at hand. In somewhat muted form these sentiments have just been voiced in a business symposium fathered by genial Secre-

*The Signpost of Relief*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tary of the Interior Roper. That all is not well up to now is indicated by a League of Nations report that American industrial production is off 30 percent since January, 1937. Much more indicative is the expectation of Aubrey Williams of 2,500,000 on the WPA rolls by April 1, an increase of 1,000,000 in the past six months. What all this means in human terms is intimated by the American Association of Social Workers, which finds that in recent months relief conditions in hundreds of communities in twenty-eight states have fallen to "shockingly low standards." To quote Walter West, executive secretary, "relief allowances, already below levels necessary to maintain life and health, have been further pared; relief has been made hard to get and difficult to endure; medical care and clothing allowances have been eliminated . . . relief offices have been closed periodically; new applicants are being refused." Bureau of Labor statistics indicate vital reductions even for those on WPA rolls. Private charity and additional appropriations, federal where necessary, should be rushed to stave off further malnutrition, eviction and distress. But one of the few hopeful signs in this spring of 1938 is the growing realization by men of every station that something must be radically wrong with a system that despite five years of vigorous pump-priming throws thousands of able-bodied men on the economic scrapheap at the age of forty.

## Oracle in Indiana

IT IS possible that an ironist, especially one who deals in symbols, might find a grim inner significance in the prediction reported from Rochester, Indiana, that the heavy yield in spring lambs foreshadows a war. Short even of sacred meanings, the lamb might be thought to suggest the innocent and the unthinking led to slaughter. There have not been lacking iron-bound theorists here and there who regard war as a means of draining off what they are pleased to call a surplusage of cannon fodder; and the fact that it is never anything that could be called "surplusage" or "fodder" that is drained off, but the best and bravest, does not wholly stop the theorizing, even now. But with all this we have no present concern. We just wonder what, specifically, prompts the Indiana divination. The lamb crop of this spring, the largest it is said in the state's history, has brought out of some recess in the general mind, evidently, a confident and, if one may say so, ready-made saw about wars, and Providence sending the surplus meat to feed armies. Does that go back to the Civil War (a tolerably long memory for any community unpractised in arms to keep fresh), or does it go back even further to the Indians? Every countryside, of course, has these oracular sayings; but they are usually reduceable to superstitions about luck or prediction (more or less sound) about the weather. The Indiana prophecy seems a little different. As amateur folk-lorists, we wish that someone would cast light on its origin.

## For Civic Health

THE FOES of democracy are within. This is not a new message which Dr. Luther Gulick, teacher of municipal science and administration at Columbia, voiced to the City Club recently. But neither is it the only old truth which we might with profit consider daily. The parallel between a physical organism and a government or polity is after all very real. Neither can be made wholly immune to infection from without; but the odds in favor of their vigorous survival can be lengthened almost indefinitely by strengthening their resistance from within. And just as the human physique has certain special centers of resistance, so there are in democratic government focuses of health and power whose function is vital to the whole. Dr. Gulick cites the two which seem to him of capital importance: administration and citizenship. When either goes bad, democracy is in far worse danger than from any sort of "streamlined aggression" from outside. Who is there that does not agree? Passing over the question of administration as too exhaustive for the limits of his talk, Dr. Gulick attacked the matter of citizenship with major emphasis on the fourfold need of the young: good example in citizenship from their elders, formal schooling in the structure and spirit of democratic government, experience in self-directed student activities, civic apprenticeship in the community. Again, this is not new, but no amount of repetition can make it anything but important. We ourselves have long wondered why there is less determined, official effort at general education along these lines. The groups reachable by articles and lectures are, roughly, the groups which can and will take care of themselves in the matter of self-education. But the careless, the unawakened, the underprivileged, are also citizens. They could certainly be made more sharply conscious of these civic needs through endorsed non-partizan programs, wide-reaching, carefully prepared, in the motion pictures, for example.

## The Commonweal

WHILE this issue of THE COMMONWEAL was in preparation, the legal ownership of the magazine was transferred from the Calvert Publishing Corporation to the Commonweal Publishing Company, Inc. Readers of THE COMMONWEAL will welcome the news that the continuance and development of the magazine is now assured. Complete details of the plans for THE COMMONWEAL and its new format will be announced in the issue of April 15.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE AIRPLANE IN FUTURE WAR

By W. F. KERNAN

AN ULTRA-MODERN, "streamlined" theory of military operations, now in vogue in Germany, demands the abolition of all formal declarations of war between belligerents. According to this doctrine, which is called "totalitarian war," no warning must be given the enemy and no news must be released for home consumption concerning the actual commencement of hostilities. "It would never do," writes the late General Ludendorff, "to let the German people feel any guilty sense of being the aggressors." Therefore, when the Racial State attacks, there will be no ultimatums and no hubbub in the newspapers but simply a "decision" made with quiet efficiency (*Leistungsfahigkeit*) by the "Government." Then the air squadrons will be loosed like lightning from a thunder cloud.

The object of the aerial invasion, thus summarily launched, will be the destruction of the hostile army, navy, shipping in port and en route "including vessels sailing under neutral flags." At the same time, we are told, "the bombing squadrons must inexorably and without pity attack the enemy's cities and population centers as well as his railroads and industries." When the land forces finally advance, it will be because an army of occupation is always necessary to seize and hold the country which has already been conquered by totalitarian air power.

Now there is no doubt that this notion of the airplane as the supreme weapon of modern warfare has been carefully fostered by the propagandists of the so-called "ideological front." The truth is that the threat of aerial invasion has been of considerable assistance to the "hungry" nations in their diplomatic skirmishes with the "liberal" governments of Europe. With plenty of high explosive and gas bombs and plenty of airplanes to carry them, a mushroom Caesar could tear up a treaty, take over a demilitarized zone and thumb his nose at the League of Nations; with a few *disesperata* squadrons in his hangars, a Fascist knight in brummagem armor could cut some fine capers in the African sunshine. In short, by the adroit use of this new method of saber-rattling, almost any pint-pot dictator could make a grandstand play and set up a new empire overnight.

Thus, in the democracies as well as in the dictatorships, the notion prevails that the next world war will be fought and won in the air. And the idea of a destruction that rides the wind and falls from the clouds on innocent taxpayers is now so firmly fixed in public opinion as to be well-nigh ineradicable. To this end scare-head journalists continue to write articles such as "War on Your Doorstep," which recently appeared in *Liberty;* to this end aviators like Air Commander L. O. Charlton ("War over England") gain great kudos by picturing in the most gruesome manner how London might be destroyed by aerial bombs within twenty-four hours after declaring war on any member of the Italo-German-Japanese group.

Nevertheless, a careful examination in the light of recent events reveals a good many fallacies in the arguments of the air pundits. In China, for example, where totalitarian war has been waged these last six months, we look in vain for that crumbling of morale and wholesale destruction of great cities that was so confidently predicted at the outbreak of hostilities. Yet General Matsui has kept every available plane and pilot busy. In Spain, when General Franco besieged Madrid, the city was bombed forty times in fifty days, and if the claims made for air power had been substantiated Madrid would have been a smoking heap of ruins.

However, the advocates of air-power claim that in neither of these conflicts, in Spain or in China, was full advantage taken of the warplane's potentialities. They point out that due to the weight of world opinion and the fear of economic boycott by the "liberal" nations, poison gas was never used by any of the belligerents in these undeclared wars. To demonstrate the real effectiveness of the bomber, what is needed (so their argument runs) is a war between two or more first-class powers "with the gloves off and no holds barred." Smite great capitals like London and Paris, where the political and cultural life of an entire people is concentrated, with high explosive or incendiary bombs, asphyxiate them with poison gas, and you will be able to dictate your own peace terms. For with the paralysis of the national nerve-centers, the will to fight will vanish. What is the answer?

As regards the use of poison gas either in aerial bombs or in the form of a spray, the answer is that this whole business of civic holocaust is nothing but a gigantic hoax. It is true that Lord Halsbury once gave Londoners the jitters by estimating that "a walnut-sized bomb filled with hydrocyanic gas dropped in Piccadilly Circus would destroy all life within a radius of half a mile." And it is also true that Herr Emil Ludwig has been widely quoted as saying that "the destruction of New York might be accomplished by six large Lewisite bombs." But, speaking practically and tactically, it is impossible to maintain any of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the war gases at a concentration sufficiently high to be effective against a steel and concrete city. No general who understood the rudiments of his trade would consent to conduct such a wasteful and futile operation.

For example: to launch an aerial gas attack against even a small city, such as Des Moines, Iowa, or Atlanta, Georgia, would require a military effort enormously out of proportion to the results obtained. If your air-minded dictator had a fleet of 3,000 bombing planes and the weather was favorable, if he had complete air-superiority and the enemy had no anti-aircraft guns, he could put on a nice show. I mean that, with every favorable condition satisfied (if only for the sake of argument) he could actually build up in the streets of that city a lethal concentration strong enough to kill every man, woman and child—provided they remained out of doors and breathed it. But any citizen who possessed the most elementary instinct of self-preservation could avoid suffocation by the simple expedient of going indoors and closing all doors and windows. As far as aero-chemical invasion is concerned, everyman's house is a castle which can be made impregnable with very little trouble.

Every time I read some lurid prophecy dealing with the destruction of New York or Chicago from the air, I am reminded of the famous remark of Dr. Millikan, the Nobel Prize winner: "It would seem that the Creator by His physical laws has put some fool-proof elements into His handiwork to protect man against his own folly." For it is true that a great city, crowded with human beings, fixed in space, would appear to be the natural prey of the war-plane which soars easily over all barriers and whose orientating instruments approach infallibility. And yet exactly the opposite is the case.

For the very reason that the city is fixed in space, it may establish a permanent network of anti-aircraft defenses which will function almost automatically and which, with the exercise of reasonable forethought on the part of the inhabitants, will make it invulnerable to aerial invasion. It has long been known that the possibility of permanent electrical installation confers certain definite advantages on the ground-gun in its warfare with the plane. These advantages, which the marksman-on-the-ground possesses over the marksman-in-the-air, will reach their maximum effectiveness when the city (and whether it is warned or not does not matter in the least) sets itself earnestly to the task of preparing a proper reception for hostile bombers.

To gain some idea of how metropolitan anti-aircraft fortifications will be operated in the next world war, it is necessary to imagine a city ringed by a series of huge concentric circles. On the outermost circumference, at a radius of 100 miles, will be stationed observers whose function is simply to watch and "alert" the network when aerial raiders approach. Further inward, on the edge of the "50 mile zone," are the real eyes and ears of the system—sound-locators, height finders, searchlights, data-computers. These are instruments of precision manned by experts which not only chart the bomber's speed, altitude and direction of flight but also, by means of electrical power transmission lines, automatically direct the fire of the anti-aircraft batteries.

The batteries themselves are stationed still further inward (along the 25 and 15 mile zones) and represent the last word in modern gun-construction. Cast from the new alloy steels, their range limits exceed the greatest altitude yet achieved by heavier-than-air craft; automatically loaded, each four-gun unit can be counted upon to release 100,000 foot tons of destructive energy per minute; aimed by their electrical robots, with the current temperature and barometric pressure figured, with the drift, windage, weight of projectile and fuse-range calculated to a fractional millimeter, they are perfectly capable of erecting a deadly "box-barrage" in the heavens through which no plane constructed by human hands can pass unscathed.

We may take it then as axiomatic that our cities are not destined for destruction from the air during the next emergency. Also, by refuting in detail the current fallacies in this regard, we shall have little difficulty in arriving at a rational theory of the war-plane's proper mission. For the plane is not, as so many misguided enthusiasts have conceived it, a strategic weapon in its own right. It is primarily a tactical weapon which must be employed in conjunction with the other arms—infantry, cavalry, artillery, etc.—if its military operations are to be really effective.

Now the primary mission of the combined arms in time of war is the defeat of the enemy's army and, in this order of ideas, the rôle of the airplane is quite definitely fixed. It will supply reconnaissance before, during and after battle; furnish eyes to the artillery; direct the attacks of tanks; spray the enemy with poison gas; break up his installations by bombs; maintain air-superiority by defeating the hostile air-force. Upon occasion, low-flying planes may actually attack ground-troops, although in the Field Service Manuals of many nations this is now described as a "sacrifice mission" to be assigned air men only in great emergencies.

At any rate, as Napoleon discovered long ago, it is useless to talk about defeating the enemy until his armies are defeated, and though the airplane has an important rôle in this connection, it is by no means the leading rôle. Planes are too expensive to be wasted on *disesperata* missions and ground defense has gone a long way since Mr. H. G. Wells wrote "The War in the Air."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# VEUILLOT, MASTER OF OBEDIENCE

By H. A. JULES-BOIS

CATHOLIC France is celebrating the centenary of the conversion of Louis Veuillot, which took place in Rome at the beginning of the year 1838. A historic and memorable date. This conversion means more than the return of one man to God. It affects a great country as a whole.

As if to prepare us for the approaching commemoration of this great man, his nephew, M. François Veuillot, has just published a book of touching beauty on "Louis Veuillot," on *sa vie, son ame, son oeuvre*. In a Preface written with an impassioned pen, Paul Claudel shows that this anniversary is identified, so to speak, with that of the dawning reconciliation of France with the Vatican. "France, in the person of Louis Veuillot, and following the prophetic outlook of Joseph de Maistre," says the author of "L'Annonce faite à Marie," "reconciled herself with the Pope." Centuries had elapsed of disputes, chicaneries, Gallicanism, Jansenism and mistrust. It was the privilege of a genius, emerging from the masses, to help reestablish the alliance which another Louis, who was a king and a saint, had founded.

"Monsieur Veuillot," as my mother called him, was still living when my intelligence was first awakened, and I was brought up in a family atmosphere of admiration for him.

Among many others his book, "Cà et là," is one which even as an adolescent I placed in my library near "Les Caractères" of La Bruyère. It contains incomparable pages of poetical prose and his picture of the rural priest (*curé de campagne*) is a priceless gem. I remember having quoted this arresting portrayal in my course of lectures at the Universities of McGill and Laval (Canada), and thereby gave expression to patriotism inseparably allied to religion. For I have more often than not met in France this type of priest, brought up from the people, ground down in poverty and self-sacrifice—really and obscurely a saint.

The vigor of Veuillot's style and convictions was inspired by the example of our Master. He had as a prototype One Who was a model not only in kindness but also in courage and fortitude: Who withered the sterile fig tree, cursed the Pharisees, and drove the money-changers from the temple. A merited acclaim was paid by Claudel to the energetic cudgel which Veuillot knew how to handle, mainly for the good of those whom he struck. The too conciliatory attitude of today toward the indifferent, the "soft-minded" and the infidel, which not without irritation, the great Catholic poet qualified as "insipidly emollient" (*bénin et émollient*) had always been detested and denounced by Veuillot. But, as equitably remarked, Veuillot was a *palladin* and not a *spadassin*. He did not fight for the pleasure of fighting (nor for gain), but under the urge of his conviction, with personal integrity and for the defense of just causes. "Still he kept in his heart no hatred against the man rebuffed." He wrote:

> We are willing indeed that the blasphemers have their souls saved, but what we oppose is that in the meantime they should succeed in destroying the souls of other men.

He dreamed of a *république Chrétienne*, "giving refuge to God Himself," and merging liberty with leadership: "The individual must be free and the people ought to be governed." He said:

> We must organize a Christian commonwealth, a society regenerated not merely through human institutions, but by the divine law. The fatherland will be rebuilt around the altar.

Though in his long career he had to meet many different political régimes in his country, he successively served all of them with abnegation, and all of them he fought without personal revenge. He served them when they were in accord with the policy advocated by the Church; he fought them when they were at odds with it.

"What a revolutionary he would have been, if he were not a Catholic!" wrote Jules Lemaître of Veuillot, who was roused to indignation by any foul play. Not a dupe of conventional codes, he had only to look about him to understand that this world lies under the oppression of sin which leads to social iniquity. Religion alone pierces the enigma and by faith restores hope.

Did he not experience that his father, a cooper, and an honest and diligent worker, died none the less in misery? His mother, a good country woman, whose dowry was merely youth and courage, spent all her life in privation and adversity. Yet, at this school of suffering, their son, a combination of worker and peasant, learned not a vain and dangerous bitterness but rather endurance and manliness, with the common sense and keenness which characterizes honest humble folk in all countries. Then, thanks to the grace of God, Rome had opened to him the path to inner peace and salvation.

Most of the Catholics of that time in France belonged to the high bourgeoisie and the nobility. Without sycophantry, or assuming the air of patronizing them, Veuillot generously lent his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

talents to their aid. The best among them, men and women, were his devoted friends. He had, in society, a dignified behavior, a self-respect allied to modesty, which brave men of the people know how to maintain. But he assumed an aloofness toward aristocrats by blood and not of soul, as well as the pushing *nouveaux-riches* and the arrogant upstarts. "Sir, I have come *up* from a family of manual workers," he was quoted as having said in response to some impertinence, "but from whom do you come *down?*"

It made him indignant that many of those who were "well off" in his time, considered religion merely as a kind of bulwark protecting them against the uprising of the proletarian. He foresaw Communism and its evils, and said:

> If it were a question of returning privileges to earls and barons who had somehow justly lost them, I would not object. But I will never endeavor to become one of them. I upheld the cause of private ownership, but I have never amassed any capital. I do not even possess a foot of land. I have pleaded the cause of the aristocrats, but I have never met more than a few worthy of the title. I supported the régime of kings even though I saw them in their true light, and I am sure that a real monarch, such as we should like him to be, will probably never again appear on earth. However, I did all this because the society of the past was at least preserving some respect for religion. I was fearful of the bloody coming to power of the populace, as I saw it in 1848 and in 1870. All my life with my pen I have wholeheartedly opposed an impiety which deprived the lowly and unfortunate of that compensation God has promised them for their sufferings and their spirit of sacrifice. I thus willingly strive to save them from the lies of atheism which, without ameliorating their troubles, increases their despair to the point of forcing them to bloody revolution.

Characteristic of the faith and militant career of Veuillot is the fact that, long before the dogma of papal infallibility had been proclaimed by the Vatican Council, he held fast to the Sovereign Pontiff with complete devotion and absolute obedience.

When very young he was converted to Rome; or it might rather be said that Rome converted him to Christ. The atmosphere of the Eternal City, especially in those days when Rome was included in the Pontifical State, had a sublime and overwhelming fascination. He contrasted the "Odeurs de Paris" with the "Parfum de Rome" —titles of two antithetical books which came from his pen and vividly state the thought which dominated his intellect. This preeminence of the City of Peter over all things remained with him to his death.

After having been the fervid liegeman of Pius IX, Veuillot immediately understood, at the advent of Leo XIII, the high destinies of one who was denominated, according to the prophecy of the Irish Saint Malachy, "Lumen in Coelo." How this plebeian would have marveled at the encyclical, "Rerum Novarum," and at the "Quadragesimo Anno" of Pius XI, surnamed "Fides Intrepidus"!

It is impossible in such a short space to sum up the life of a scrupulous journalist, understanding his duty and cleaving to it, without concession to fashion, to easy success, to current opinion, which too often lead astray. What one can take notice of summarily is that this forceful propagator of truth and justice, as defined by his faith, consecrated his long years of polemics to three causes: Christian education in France for which it was necessary to obtain government permission, independence of the States of the Holy See, and finally the spiritual primacy of Peter.

The editor of *L'Univers* lived to see the triumph of two of his principal aims: freedom of teaching which the Falloux law instituted partially in 1850; the proclamation of the infallibility of the Sovereign Pontiff by the Council of the Vatican. As to the temporal power of which Pius IX and his successors were shorn, it has been partially restored by the Lateran Treaty under Pius XI.

The three causes for which Veuillot crusaded imply a solemn vow, a stern resolution to which his whole life is witness. It was, as I said above, the establishment on earth of a society truly Christian, a sort of ideal republic, much more admirable and sound than that of Plato; its monarch would be Jesus Whose vicar would spiritually preside here below over a *peuple saint,* as we have had a *saint empire.* And perhaps the people in the future will be more just and more Christian than in the empire of olden times.

Then—I quote again from Veuillot—"Everyone for God" is to replace "Each one for himself," and the reward is "God for all." The multitude will be welcomed in this bosom "that can rock and nurse the entire world like a little child."

One cannot indeed assume that this transformation of the planet is possible now, or in the very near future. But the encyclical on "Christ the King" instils hope. The high regard which the élite of the world have for Pope Pius XI gives promise that some day humanity will strive toward individual and social reform based on the Gospel.

Today, despite persecution and great catastrophes, we detect a pale glimmer of light convincing us of the nearness of the sun battling with dark clouds. And those who are working for the kingdom of God on earth we not only should love, but we should also imitate and follow them.

*(A second article on Veuillot will appear next week.)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# REPORTERS AT LARGE

By CLEM LANE

CHICAGO has always been the crossroads of the newspaper world. Here come the rovers that have read copy in New York, covered police in San Francisco, been on rewrite in New Orleans and done the odds and ends of the newspaper trade in the key cities of the United States. Some of these men have been competent workmen, but for the most part they were footloose wanderers. And why did they wander on? Not the itching foot, but failure to click, or whisky, or women, or financial troubles, or a combination of the four. For some sixteen years I have seen them come and go and I thank God that they are in the minority among newspaper men and that that minority steadily grows less.

Your newspaper man of today, nostalgic tears to the contrary, is a more competent fellow than his predecessor. The standard of writing grows higher and higher. That can be demonstrated to any doubter's satisfaction by taking him into a newspaper library and there letting him delve into ancient files, moving forward to the present day.

As the eye wanders over the brittle, yellowed pages of the days that are gone, one can almost see the men that wrote those stories. The one school, with frock coat and gates-ajar collar, sitting down to pontificate in a flow of florid polysyllabics. They were the journalists. And the other school, the boomers that called it "the newspaper game" and who played at the business as if it were a game. There were good newspaper men in those days, true, but they were in the minority so far as modern standards are concerned.

The journalists and the play boys have gone and in their place have come men working at the newspaper business, the business of giving the public the news as accurately, as fairly and as quickly as human frailty will allow.

I challenge anyone to gaze on the ancient files of any metropolitan newspaper and not come away with the conviction that the paper of today is better written. If anything is true of today's newspaper, it is that there is far less standardization of stories, that today's approach grows more and more unorthdox in the light of the "Five W" lead of the ancients, and that there is a fast-moving tempo, a background of information, of awareness, a competent air that the earlier newspaper stories lack.

So far as the complaint about the rewrite man is concerned, there is no question that a reporter equally competent could write a better story from a first-hand gathering of the facts. But your rewrite man is usually a rewrite man because he has covered every conceivable kind of story; he writes with accuracy and ease and no small part of his job is teaching the young of the newspaper species just what facts to get to make a newspaper story worth printing.

My own observation is that the use of the rewrite man, at least on the major afternoon papers, reached its height a few years back and that the present trend, particularly through the use of the telegraph within a city, is again toward having the reporter write his own story wherever possible.

There is a paradoxical assertion that although editors and publishers are crying from the housetops for reporters with the light, the humorous touch, at the same time every effort is being made to discourage the development of such talent among youngsters coming into the business. That just doesn't make sense to me. So far as that sort of reporter being more common in the past than he is today, I still insist that a comparison of the files will show to the contrary.

Granted that the newspaper man of today is better educated, that he has a bank account, an automobile and a home in the suburbs. Can it be successfully argued that education hampers a man working at the newspaper business? I doubt it. So far as the man's material possessions, he has them because he is better paid, and he is better paid because newspaper business has become big business, and the reporter is sharing the profits. Time was when newspapers were legion and, with so much advertising to be shared, none of them made the money that is being made today when newspapers are fewer and only the fittest survive.

And as newspapers and newspaper jobs grew fewer, only the fittest among newspaper men survived, and the wastrels and the boomers and the not-so-competent wound up in the tank towns or were eased out of the business. The pace in the big city had grown too fast for them.

And another complaint I have about these Salty Cynics and Wandering Whizzes whose passing is lamented: most of them were not above a bit of fakery, either in whole or in part, to make a story blossom. The reputation of their paper for accuracy made no difference to them. After all, hadn't they worked on thirty-one other papers and weren't they likely to wind up working on thirty-one more? But the lad who has a stake in his community, a pride in his paper and the self-respect common to every competent craftsman, it is most improbable that he would deviate from facts for only the slight advantage inherent to a scoop.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And by the same token, doesn't it seem reasonable that such a lad will work harder in digging up a story, any story that will add to his newspaper's prestige and his own reputation, than the will-o'-the-wisp who has but an ephemeral interest either in the paper or his own standing? It does seem more reasonable to any man who has watched the ebb and flow of the personnel of a newspaper staff.

Complaint is made, too, that the modern reporter has ceased to be an individualist, that, God help him, he has taken to joining, among other things, luncheon clubs. A check of our staff revealed that sure enough we have one reporter who belongs to a luncheon club. He's a grey-haired chap who in his younger days crawled down into Floyd Collins's cave to have a look-see for himself. The same fellow was later to solve the murder of an Ohio newspaper publisher and bring the guilty to book. There are dozens of other newspaper accomplishments to his credit, for he is the digging-est reporter, or one of the digging-est I have known. He writes verse, too, and loves to sing Irish come-all-ye's. He's probably so much of an individualist that he wanted to be the only newspaper reporter in Chicago that belongs to a luncheon club. What was it President Lincoln said about General Grant's brand of whisky?

No, the newspaper man has not ceased to be an individualist, for if he had, he would have long since sought other fields where the financial appeal is greater. The newspaper man can't help but be an individualist, because no man can sit for any length of time in a grandstand seat at the greatest of spectacles—the human race in the process of racing—and not become not only different from the general run of mankind but different, too, from his fellows. And so it is that only the individualist would face the day, as every good newspaper man does, with the daffy hope that this is the day for the greatest of all the great stories.

When I think of trying to reduce good newspaper men to a type, a standard robot with interchangeable parts, it's a task beyond me. It simply can't be done, because they aren't alike. Oh, they may have a few things in common—their hunger for a story, their loyalty to their paper, their hatred of what smacks of baloney, their fondness for strong liquor and their inability to wear a hat two days without aging it two years. The fact that newspaper men tend to associate almost solely with their fellows is a sign, I believe, not that they are so many backslapping luncheon clubbers as that they speak a language all their own that only their kind can answer.

Mention has been made of the menace presented by the press agent, the undermining influence of the handout. Now if a press agent is any good, it means generally that he has been a good newspaper man. Trained in the newspaper business, he knows the code and the rules of the business and what happens to the man who violates that code. Summed up, a press agent knows that if he wants to continue to be a press agent, he will have to play the game according to the newspaper man's rules. In a life as complex as that in our metropolitan centers, no publisher could afford to hire enough reporters to dig up every item that is worth printing. So the wise city editor has come to rely on reputable press agents as an auxiliary service, depending on them for routine news of certain sorts much in the same fashion as he uses the City News Bureau or like organizations for routine news of another sort. The danger of propaganda? I haven't seen enough of it from press agents to cause me any loss of sleep, and I am a light sleeper.

With the change in relationship between the city desk and the press agent, there has come a give and take whereby the press agent feels it his duty (and does it) to report quickly if catastrophe or tragedy strike the hotel or railroad or industrial plant whose praises he is wont to tootle. And this, at least in Chicago, is not the exception; it's the rule. Press agents are welcome in our office. They know that if they have a story that is honestly news, it will be printed, and that if it isn't they'll be referred to the advertising department. And because we treat them not as interlopers but as assistant reporters, many is the news tip that comes to us from press agents because any man who has ever been a newspaper man hates to see a good story go unprinted.

The newspaper business hasn't gone to pot in the news department. There may be some who would trade the old-fashioned family physician for the skilled practitioner of today, but I'm not one of them.

## *Crow*

The sky is scrubbed by this dark voice
simple as hunger, rude as Spring;
above the fields the hoarse cry beats
frayed as the black and ragged wing.

Nothing is in this throat of song,
but wildness calling harsh and strange
from April hill, from Autumn wood;
nothing is in this bird of change—

constant he follows his driven course
through the revolving seasons, bound
across man's vision, riding the wind,
or slanting to freshly planted ground.

Yet were he vanished, men would miss
his shadowy threat above the corn,
and raw on grey or burnished sky
the rough voice lonely and forlorn.

FRANCES FROST.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# MR. HENRY'S SLANTING ACRES

By VINCENT ENGELS

WHEN exploring a new fishing country, the first thing to do is buy a map, and then investigate all the lanes and side roads which are not marked on the map, particularly those which are narrow, sandy and steep. The narrower, sandier and steeper they are, the more urgent it is to find out where they go. Usually it is nowhere, but once in a while they take you to a brook which you may be glad to remember some day when trout are difficult. As in literature and other things, it is well to enlarge your knowledge of the main stream by a knowledge of its tributaries.

One morning in April, 1932, we were running up the valley of an unfamiliar creek in Maryland. To our right was the creek bed, rocky and littered with the débris of many floods; to our left a steep ridge. We knew how high and steep it was because we had seen it in silhouette from the top of another ridge ten miles away, and we also knew that it joined and folded into other ridges, equally high and formidable, which together formed the outline of a badly dented circle.

It was absolutely imperative that we should get into the hollow between these ridges, and at last we found a road, steep, sandy and narrow, looping up the slope until it disappeared around a jumble of rocks and a thicket of rhododendron. This looked like the real thing, and it was. It led us with many twistings to the top of the ridge, at which point our motor stopped with a startling boiler factory noise, and we were left to coast down, not through the wilderness we had expected, but through fields of corn and clover to the house, covered and almost obliterated by one great wisteria vine, of Mr. Henry.

We sat in the car, and pushed back our hats, and waited for a breeze that never came, to cool our foreheads. Around us in a steady circle walked eight hound dogs, with stiff tails and angry looks, and another dog, a black and white mongrel answering to the name of "Shep," put his front feet on the running board and lifted up his long and friendly head, and waved a plumy tail.

Mr. Henry leaned with his arms on the cowling and declared in sympathetic voice that he was no mechanic. "But maybe Alice can help you out."

Alice came up a steep trail through laurel at this moment, carrying a bucket of water in each hand. She was a nice-looking girl of twenty or twenty-one. She had on a calico dress, and a sunbonnet, and her feet were bare.

Alice went to work like a professional, tightening wires, pulling apart the timer and the carburetor, tapping the engine in various places, while her father praised her. "Everybody says Alice is a grade-A mechanic. She's helped her brothers take that Ford apart so many times now they can't do it without her."

But Alice could not find what the trouble was with this car, possibly because we could not tell her what had happened. All we knew was that it had taken us to the top of the ridge, and then upon starting down we had heard a grinding noise, followed by a bang and a clatter, and silence, and clouds of smoke rolling from the hood.

"Can't tell much from that," said Alice. "Try it again."

We tried the starter again, with no success. Alice tinkered some more. Mr. Henry said he would know exactly what to do if cars were more like horses, now, or cows.

"I'll give it a drink of water," he said. "Can't hurt it any."

He poured in some water, and then he brought a dipper from the house, and we all drank. "You people in the city don't have water like that!"

We said no, we did not.

"Try that starter again," said Alice.

We tried again. Mr. Henry drove off the hound dogs, and we got out and cranked it. We all took turns at cranking, Alice too, but the motor would not start. So we gave it up. We asked about the Ford he had referred to. Maybe Alice could drive us to the village, and we could get a garage man.

"Oh, that Ford, that's the boys' car. They have their own place you know, come down from their mother's people. It's in the flat, about three miles above where you turned off the country road. Maybe you've seen it, a mighty pretty place. They've got a white rail fence around it."

"It's a mighty long walk," said Alice, smiling.

And a mighty hot day to be walking. We did not like the idea at all. Mr. Henry said if only he had his team here now he would hitch up, and take us to the boys. But the boys were hauling wood at their place today, and he had lent them the team. He would like for us to see those animals, too.

"Best-looking team in the country," said Alice.

Mr. Henry seemed very pleased. Yes, he took good care of his animals. He liked animals, and so did Alice. Alice's pigs always took first prizes at the county fair. "And say, you ought to see our old sow. There's not a sow in the county can

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beat her. You'll say she weighs six hundred if she weighs a pound. Won't they, Alice?"

"She weighed six hundred last fall. Come on, I'll show her to you."

We said all right, we might as well, having first looked up through Mr. Henry's fields to the top of our ridge, which now seemed a very long way off. We were not anxious to begin that walk. Maybe if we waited around this place, sooner or later somebody would drive in.

Mr. Henry said it hardly ever happened. "But don't you fret. You rest that car here a bit, and maybe she'll start up again. Just like a horse that's been winded."

We kicked the wheels and said it was not likely.

"Well, it's one thing you haven't tried yet."

We followed Alice through the laurel to a pen made of shakes. We looked at the old sow and her new litter, and were told that this was the only time of year we could see her. Later on she would be let out of the pen, and she would wander around the hills, feeding on roots and nuts, and getting back her wind until she would be as fast as a deer, and they would not see her for weeks.

We were led to a stone well, and ordered to admire the depth and clarity of the water. We looked at the barns, the chicken run, the root cellar, the corn crib. We sat in the shade of Mr. Henry's sycamore trees, and drank some of Alice's championship root beer. We learned that Alice's mother had been dead ten years. We learned that corn grew to blue-ribbon size in the hollow, and that while the potatoes were hard to grow, they had an extra fine flavor. Mr. Henry had made this farm himself, clearing it out of the brush and rocks thirty years ago. It was the highest farm in the state. He had come here because land in the valley was too expensive, and he had wanted his own land. Now he would not trade it for any farm in the flat twice its size.

"It don't feel right to me, working flat ground any more. It's the truth, after thirty years up here, you couldn't hire me to work in the flat."

We asked who kept the fire tower we could see on the ridge.

"Who? Why, you're looking at her. Alice keeps it. Only girl fire observer in the country."

"It's my day off," said Alice. "I get time off every two weeks. That's my cousin Thomas up there now. Mighty good boy, Thomas."

We got up, took a hitch in our belts, and looked at that long steep road ahead of us.

"I hate to let any man walk away from my place on a day like this," said Mr. Henry. "Why don't you try that car again?"

We tried it and it started without any hesitation.

"You see?" asked Mr. Henry, and Alice remarked that Pa was generally right.

We shook hands and promised to come back, whenever we might be fishing the creek again.

The car ran nicely all the way to the village, and then it stopped again, almost in front of a garage. The mechanic said we had broken the Bendix housing, whatever that may be. He said, "That road in there ruins about every car that tries to make it. It's just the steepest piece of road in the state of Maryland."

Here was another distinction for Mr. Henry's place. He would have liked to hear about it, but we never went back to tell him.

Five years afterward, which brings us to last spring, I saw him once again. I was walking up the creek road one hot and dusty morning, and I met Mr. Henry, on a buckboard, driving down. I recognized him by his straw hat and his mustache, and he recognized me, perhaps by my fishing clothes. He was taking his fine team to the village to be shod. There had been a heavy rain the night before, and the ground was too wet to work this morning. I offered him a cigarette.

He said, "You must have forgotten about me. I don't use the weed. No sir, and I never take a glass of wine. Now and then I'll take a little whisky, but very seldom. So you see there's no man can say that I'm a drunkard, or a smoker." He let that sink in. "Nor a hellrake!" he added.

I said, "Of course you don't have much opportunity up there."

He let that pass, as it deserved. Up in the brush of laurel and sumac, a dog began barking. "That's old Shep. You remember him."

I asked him about his old sow. She was doing well, and he had another big one, too. He had three acres of potatoes this year, and another acre to go in. Last year out of three acres he did not dig up one black potato.

Alice was no longer on the fire tower. No, she had lost her job this spring. After seven perfect years, she missed a small fire. It happened one day when the light was queer, and smoke hard to detect. A forest warden smelled the smoke from his car, and followed it up, and put out the fire. If he had not put it out so soon, Alice would have seen the smoke. What 's more, her cousin Thomas was now accused of starting it. "That boy was no more guilty than you are; he was seven miles away, looking for frogs in Bog Hollow."

Alice took it pretty hard. Life was awful quiet for her now. "She has a new pet pig, a lovely spotted one, about a foot high."

A farmer up the road worked his eighteen-year-old mare in the hot sun the other day; she gave out and had to be unhitched, and she went over and lay in the shade. "A man like that ought to be in jail. I can't stand a man abusing animals."

He climbed to the seat of his buckboard and resumed his way to town, and I went up the stream.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# ITALY'S CHOICE

By CARLO SFORZA

IN A FIRST period of vogue about Fascism there was a sufficient answer to any doubt concerning the future of my country: Yes, maybe; but the trains run on time, now. Since then another legend has taken the place of the silly old slogan: Yes, but the overthrow of Fascism would mean Bolshevism in Italy.

Nothing is more difficult than to discuss prophecies. But it may be useful to recall facts—facts which have been completely forgotten by the average readers of newspapers. (At which I am not astonished; for dictatorial propaganda, in Italy as in Germany and in Russia, has had one stroke of genius: to discover that a falsehood petulantly repeated a thousand times becomes a truth, in this harassed world of ours.)

I was a member of the Cabinet at the time of the so-called Bolshevik danger. May I simply recall what I knew and did?

First of all, since this episode is still quoted as the main excuse for Fascism, it will be useful to state the truth about the occupation of the factories which took place in September, 1920.

The most important industrial leaders were planning a lock-out; the leaders of the workmen thought, in their foolishness, that it would help them and their prestige (the example of Russia was not then a myth?) to order the occupation of the factories, so that the government would be obliged to interpose. A stupid move it was, and a dangerous one; but, truth to tell, it was only a tactical move to frighten the government. The occupation lasted three weeks; but in the very first days it had begun to peter out. In the end it died by itself. The workmen had tried in vain to entice engineers and managers to join them; the workmen felt very soon that they were helpless; the old Italian common sense did the rest and liberty triumphed noiselessly over violence.

In his "Memoirs" Giolitti wrote about this episode: "I allowed the experience to go up to a certain point, in order to convince the workmen of the impossibility of their reaching their goal, so that the ringleaders might not throw back on others the responsibility for the failure."

During the occupation Giolitti had not moved from his modest country-place in the Alps. All the ministers in Rome had left him full powers. I alone wrote to him on the second day of the occupation of the factories:

"Strange as it may seem, may I write to you as Foreign Minister about what happens around you in Piedmont? It is generally believed that the Empire in Russia fell in 1917; it is an error; the death-hour of the Romanoffs was struck in 1905 when the streets of Petersburg were stained with the blood of the workmen, shed by soldiers launched against the strikers. If we do the same here, we shall create a legend and a religion. We shall look like Conservatives, and we shall be the destroyers of the Italian Liberal Monarchy. I feel sure that you agree with me; for my part, I should go against my conscience in taking the responsibility for any other policy."

I am still convinced that we served better the cause of order and social peace than with a violent repression.

In fact, before the occupation of the factories, the noisiest and more demagogic part of the Italian Socialists seemed to have reached the apex of success. But the failure—and even more than the failure, the ridicule incurred by the unsuccessful occupation—destroyed all faith of the masses in the extremist leaders. Many by-elections of the time proved it. The contrary would have taken place if the traditional "rivers of blood" had been shed. A few months later, the Socialist party split into two hostile groups; which meant the complete end of any revolutionary danger.

Of course, timid spirits were still afraid; fear is a bad element to judge serenely the changes of the minds. I remember, for instance, dear old Sir George Buchanan, whom I liked very much, and who had come to Rome from the British Embassy to Petrograd where he had watched the outbursts of the Bolshevik revolution; he was scenting new editions of Bolshevism more or less everywhere. One day while we were together in Giolitti's room at the Viminale I jokingly denounced his apprehensions to the Prime Minister who, looking out of the window, asked him: "Do you see these olive trees, Sir George? You have never seen one in Russia, have you? Well, you'll see no more Bolshevism in Italy than olive trees near Moscow."

Before the arrival of Fascism to power, the morale of the Italian masses had improved as steadily as their economic condition. The strikes had been 2,000 in 1920, and had come down to 1,000 in 1921, the number of strikers being just the same as before the war. In a word, the same curb of progress as in England and in France, where the same epidemic of strikes had taken place, although —by a strange psychological phenomenon—everybody has forgotten everything about these disorders, including the British general strike, remembering only those which took place in Italy. Thanks to Fascism, an Italian might say.

Signor Mussolini himself wrote in his paper, the *Popolo d'Italia,* on July 2, 1921: "To say that a Bolshevik danger still exists in Italy means taking base fears for reality. Bolshevism is overthrown."

I have no hatreds. What I do feel for those Fascists who thought they served their country is a feeling of intense pity: because, in order to praise a régime, they have been obliged to throw mud on their own country and assert that one of the most ancient and civilized nations of the world needed the Fascist bludgeon to keep wise.

How could it be that what was never a danger in the troubled years after the war, should become one after thirteen years of Fascist "discipline"? To enunciate such a doubt is in reality the worst possible indictment against the Fascist régime. But what matters is Italy. And in spite of Fascism Italy has remained in her very essence one of the European nations where violent revolutions are most impossible. Why? Simply because we are a people of small landowners, of old skilled artizans, above all, a people where ten million men pay land tax. And not even the French adore their microscopic piece of land as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an Italian peasant or artizan does. These ten million men, much more than titled landowners or financial magnates are the guardians of social peace in Italy. And if I do hope for Italy certain social and agrarian reforms, it is to make my country even more immune from any danger of serious social agitations. But just as frankly I must add that I hope in a free Italy one will never see any more the sad and artificial spectacle of "national unanimities" of which the dictatorial régimes boast in Italy, in Germany, in Russia.

A nation where there are parties, where there are political struggles, is a nation who has still the chance to be able to think, to decide, to improve. The unanimities of drunken crowds, or of terrorized crowds, prepare the intellectual and moral decadence of a nation; and—willingly or unwillingly—the worst of all horrors: war.

## WEIRD WORLDS

By ALEX McGAVICK

PEOPLE who feel that modern art is ugly and uintelligible ought to regard it for the fantasy it contains. Strange viewpoints, weird forms, exotic subject-matter seem to be the order of the day in art, and these elements are fascinating to discover, and enjoy, for their own sake, apart from esthetic considerations. Modern artists really seem to be staking off weird worlds, strange lands of the imagination, for themselves, and painting all the queer flora and fauna they can think of. Looking at their pictures is like taking a trip to Mars, or visiting the zoo to look at the strange beasts, or reading Ripley. You don't know what queer thing is going to turn up next.

Jean Lurcat, French decorator and designer, whose early days were spent in the quite serious study of medicine and philosophy, paints a variety of weird worlds. His landscapes are lonely barrens, gaunt wastes, in which three sides of a house are made to stand rather raggedly like cardboard ruins, or where immense fort-like constructions are erected, on whose ramparts weird figures wander in the light of a very wan moon, and the whole effect looks like something from the seventh ring of Saturn, or the mountains of the moon, so eerie is its "never-never" land atmosphere. Lurcat has a penchant for drawing strange tall people, enormously thin-waisted and broad-shouldered, and you will find heaps of his drawings in which this tall race wanders helplessly over the barrens and looks like something out of the fairy-land books, or Popeye's goons.

Then there are Lurcat's arctic scenes which Rockwell Kent would hardly recognize, and which seem to have lost their proper color values. Here black icebergs float in pink waters and purple clouds wander in yellow skies, and bulbous bathing beauties (clad in bathing costumes of the year 1910, just to make it harder) loll on the ice-bound shores. The color is very beautiful, but the effect is bound to be puzzling. Lurcat is the only modern painter who has a fondness for seascapes, but his sailing-boat pictures are hardly the kind you would find on an old sea-dog's walls. Call it a fetish or a complex or whatever, but Lurcat has a fancy for painting boats that have been sunk halfway below the waves. The result is that most of Lurcat's studies of the sea consist of a group of sails and masts banging around on an empty ocean with a background of pink clouds for company. It is strange and fascinating, and one doesn't know quite what to make of it, unless Lurcat is entranced with the beauty of sailcloth.

Joan Miró is about the only surrealist left who hasn't been publicized and castigated in the Sunday supplements. Miró, indeed, paints such simple pictures they are hard to understand. Here on huge chart-like backgrounds of yellow, green, pale blue, you have crisp little curlycues that resemble enlargements of everything you saw under the microscope when you were at school. Blobs of ecto-plasm, ameba and insect forms, bubbles, lines and dots pullulate on a Miró canvas and invariably remind you of that first drop of water or milk you squinted at under glass. I recall once seeing in a newsreel a microscopic study of a disease germ in the bloodstream. This was a queer little seahorse object that expanded and contracted among a sea of bubbles. The resemblance to a Miró abstraction was so striking that I thought, that's no disease germ, that's a Miró canvas by mistake. To complete the surrealist illusion, there was a tiny little clock ticking off the seconds up in the corner. Your good surrealist could have copied off that study of the bloodstream and put it in an art gallery for his latest masterpiece!

What saves Miró for us from the abstractionists is his wit. He can invest the smallest line with a perky, jaunty wit that is genuinely humorous. In one picture you will find a "form" the top of which looks like a glowering poet, and the bottom a three-legged stool with a tail; or there will be an octopus thing having a Cab Calloway fit. A bunch of bone beings sit solemnly around in a conference; something looks like a barber pole walking; a perky little giraffe bug leers at you. It's all goofy. Miró's wit is so marked that it has been compared to Mickey Mouse, although Miró would never draw anything so obvious as a mouse, only its ghost.

Of the other surrealist, Salvador Dali, you have no doubt heard. His grey-green worlds, strewn with bric-a-brac and historic characters, are publicized in our best Sunday supplements, and his work is becoming so popular that serious art critics and students are beginning to wonder if his work isn't overrated, and if he hasn't put something over on them!

The young Russian painter, Pavel Tchelitchev, a member of the very recent neo-romantic movement, paints bull-fight and tennis scenes which would be eminently realistic were it not for the truly frightful foreshortening they employ. Do you remember those camera shots you took where the largest thing in the picture was your feet, and the rest of your body dwindled alarmingly to a very faraway and small point? That is the way Tchelitchev likes to paint. A bull-fighter of his will be leaning over, waving the cape before the bull. His back is toward you, his foot is a foot long and practically in your face, while his body leans down into the canvas for miles, and the bull and cape are so small and far away you practically have to bring a telescope along to find them. Similarly, a tennis player waves a life-size

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

racquet into the foreground of the picture, while his body lengthens for miles down a very long court, indeed. A Tchelitchev person seems to be about ten miles long, and has the general character of a skyscraper looking up. Tchelitchev's world is a world gone mad with overgrown perspectives and foreshortenings.

Giorgio Chirico is the classic Italian painter who loves horses, great white ones with bushy tails, who gallop along the shores of lonely seas. He also likes to paint Roman gladiators and you will often find a group of these strange warriors and white horses milling around in a bloody mess. White horses symbolize the poetic muse, so maybe Chirico means the spirit of poetry is being slaughtered or something.

Chirico likes to create terrible people. He is very fond of a seated figure that would scare the face off Frankenstein. This thing has a football for a head, and is dressed in robes like a Grecian statue. Chirico, like a surgeon, has cut open the stomach (horror!), but instead of the customary esophagus we see a pile of fresh fruit, vegetables and machinery (surprise!). When two of these football people start sitting around looking at nothing, you know it's time to leave. Chirico likes monsters. An old gent of his has a temple for a chest, brick legs, and a marble column for a hat. "Portrait of an Astronomer" shows a fellow looking at a star-chart. The fellow seems to be welded together out of old pieces of sheet metal. Chirico ought to go in the robot business.

Chirico strews his paintings with classical objects, statues, temples, old plaster casts. He likes to contrast these with more modern things. One of his more sock-dologer paintings consists of a great plaster cast of Apollo and a huge rubber glove nailed up side by side on an old wall. That ought to knock you out of your chair! Then there is the Chirico landscape, where gloomy figures wander on lonely plazas, and temples and statues stand around, and an old-fashioned train belches smoke on the horizon.

Sometimes Chirico just goes mad and piles bedsprings, plaster casts, hands, horses's heads, shields, carpets, and old two-by-fours into one big mess, and calls it a masterpiece. You can hardly blame him, with all the things he thinks up.

Fernand Leger, French Cubist, modernizes everything and everybody, like modern furniture or architecture. He cuts people up into cylinders, cubes, circles and squares, paints them like robots sitting around steel tables, eating glass food out of tin cups. The world, to Leger, is just another hunk of chromium and tin.

Francisco Bores, young Spanish painter who imitates Matisse, paints a queer world of shadow forms, shadow people coming out of the darkness in crowds, a shadowy dressmaker's shop, where all the women are shadows. A world of silhouettes is Bores's world. Or he will cut everything up into lines and squares, so that you seem to be seeing everything through cut glass.

So one goes down the Burke's peerage of modern art, invading stranger weathers and more foreign countries. Haim Soutine paints landscapes that look as if they had just been hit by a hurricane, trees fly, houses crumble, roads flare in his pictures, and people blow through them like wisps of straw. In fact, the entire landscape seems to be flying off the canvas! Eugene Berman, to the absolute contrary, gives us symbols of eternal, almost Tibetan, silence, dark, mystic plazas by still lagoons, where beggars and monks stroll in an infinite stillness. Marc Chagall paints people floating nonchalantly around in skies and out of the windows of houses like zeppelins. Paul Klee draws what look like children's drawings, but which are a little too naive and subtle for that, and Georges Roualt, the frightful Frenchman, likes his canvases bathed in blood, so that they look like the last battlefield of the greatest war!

A bevy of mad worlds, my masters, and yet many of them so ingeniously contrived and fashioned, as to be of enormous interest. Artists of today, indeed, do not echo the serious, larger, themes of the masters, but are industriously engaged in painting special worlds seen through vivid, original styles. They more resemble our literary stylists of today, the De La Mares, Machens, Tomlinsons, the subject-matter of a Jules Verne or early Wells, than the Shakespeares or Tolstois of the past. There is no use overlooking Verne because he is not Shakespeare, nor modern art because it is not Rembrandt or Titian. It is possible to forget the heavy esthetic quarrelling of the day, and to enjoy the wit, eccentricity and originality of modern art for what it is, for it is there, and is enjoyable. The best thing to do is to pick out your favorite weird world, and marvel or chuckle over it. Personally, I like Chirico bogey people.

## *Singers in France*

I shall be hearing to the end of things
A song I heard one night in moonlit France,
Ten thousand unseen soldiers sat and sang
While they awaited the next day's advance,
They made the hills around me all alive,
Though I could not see them, I could tell
How many and how lonely men they were,
Hearing their voices rolling swell on swell.

And suddenly I knew the words they sang,
And they were men from home and friends to me,
Singing under a silvery alien moon,
Men who belonged the other side of the sea.
They were my friends, though I had never met them,
And I was North, and they were all the South
And black of skin, because their words were no
Words at all but music in the mouth.

*I looked over Jordan, and what did I see,*
The lovely, vast, and lonely song rolled on,
*But a band of angels coming for me,* and some
Singers next day would be carrion.
*Swing low, sweet chariot,* and it swung low
To the earth and ready for tomorrow,
I stood in a song of young men made to die,
And all around me was earth's ancient sorrow.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Seven Days' Survey

***The Church.***—American Catholics contributed $647,000 for the support of the missions during 1937 according to the annual report of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. * * * *L'Osservatore Romano* of Vatican City has protested to the Italian government against their confiscation of two papers for commenting on the situation of the Church in Germany and the arrest of Father Mayer, the well-known German Jesuit. The *Osservatore* exclaims, "Information about the Catholics in Germany is all the more necessary as the German Catholics are not in a position to publish it for themselves and can only receive accusations and calumnies in silence." * * * Agitation for government aid to parochial schools continues in Ohio, New York and other states. Commenting on this editorially the *Pittsburgh Catholic* says, that although such aid is due "by all the canons of justice, logic, fair-play and common sense . . . there are weighty reasons why Catholics should not seek state contributions for the education furnished by their schools. . . . The entire history of the Church, emphasized by recent events, shows that public funds come at too dear a price." * * * It is reported from Manila that the extensive charitable enterprises founded by the late Lo Pa Hong of Shanghai will be carried on by his heirs. * * * Several seminaries are soon to be established in Europe and Asia to train students for the priesthood who will some day go to Russia. * * * The instruction centers recently inaugurated by Bishop Thomas Molloy of Brooklyn have now enrolled 901 Catholics and 671 non-Catholics in their weekly religious instruction classes.

***The Nation.***—Income tax collections during the first three weeks of March this year amounted to $685,689,564, a gain of 5.1 percent over 1937. * * * The new revenue bill was in a Senate hearing, having its undistributed profits tax and capital gains tax seriously attacked by witnesses and senators of the Democratic as well as Republican party. The chairman of the Finance Committee, powerful Senator Harrison of Mississippi, has announced the determination of the Senate to prepare a bill that will be of immediate assistance to business, in spite of the obvious desire of the administration to keep reform taxes, and in spite of testimony of the Treasury. * * * The reorganization bill was standing up strongly in the Senate, twenty attempts to break it down by checking the presidential power in specific functions being defeated in one day, seven of them by roll call. * * * Mr. E. R. Bowen, general secretary of the Cooperative League of the U.S.A., testified before the Senate Committee on Unemployment and Relief that while private profit business was tottering into its third major decline since the World War, the business of the major cooperative organizations in the United States increased 21 percent in 1937, the number of their cooperative employees increased 17 percent during the year, and there were no failures of retail cooperatives affiliated with these cooperative wholesales. Although consumer cooperatives do only a little over 1 percent of the national business, they include in their membership 2,000,000 consumers and do an annual business of $500,000,000. * * * The Treasury announced it planned to continue to sell "baby bonds" indefinitely. The maturity value of those sold before January 1, 1938, was $1,367,935,000.

***The Wide World.***—Barcelona was subjected to severe air raids. The known dead were unofficially estimated at 815 and the number of wounded at 2,000. Pope Pius instructed the Vatican's Chargé d'Affairs to the Nationalist government in Spain to make a "new and urgent démarche to Generalissimo Franco" over the bombing of open Spanish cities. *Osservatore Romano,* Vatican organ, revealed that General Franco "was deeply moved by the Pontiff's words and gave the Holy Father a filial reply assuring explanations and a declaration." General Franco's headquarters previously claimed that anti-aircraft batteries were mounted in the streets of Barcelona and that ammunition was stored in the schools so that destruction of these objectives of a definitely military character was legitimate. The Nationalist drive toward Catalonia and the Mediterranean coast was resumed. * * * Satisfactory progress was reported in the Anglo-Italian conversations in Rome. No very grave obstacles have thus far been encountered. Both sides are apparently eager to reach a successful understanding. * * * The British Cabinet refused to pledge Britain's aid to Czechoslovakia should that country be invaded. The Russian proposal for a conference on Austria was rejected. Britain's non-intervention policy regarding Spain will be continued. * * * Approximately 1,742 Austrians, including monarchists, Catholics, Socialists, Communists and peasant leaders, were taken into "protective custody" by the Nazis. The plight of the Jews became daily more hopeless. * * * Failing to obtain complete minority rights, the German Agrarians withdrew their representative in the Czechoslovakian coalition Cabinet and joined Konrad Henlein's Sudeten German party which is now the largest single party in the Chamber. * * * Premier Blum obtained the assent of the French Chamber of Deputies to increase the amount that the Treasury can borrow from the Bank of France by 5,000,000,000 francs. The Chamber likewise debated a bill which would mobilize the entire nation in the event of war and set up in peacetime an administrative organization to function during a war.

* * * *

***Mexico Expropriates.***—March 18 was an exciting day in Mexico. Following instructions from Central Union headquarters in Mexico City, 18,000 oil workers assumed control of 17 United States and British petroleum properties comprising a capital investment of $450,000,000.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Then President Cárdenas announced that the oil fields had been expropriated on the grounds of "national necessity" in accordance with a law of 1936. Several days later, 35 Americans and 54 Britons felt impelled to flee for their lives from Tehuantepec in southern Mexico, leaving household and personal effects behind them, as workers proceeded to take over the premises. Of the 6,000 foreigners in the oil industry in Mexico 2,000 have been reported safe in the United States. To take charge of the petroleum properties President Cárdenas has appointed a seven-man board representing the government and labor. They must find outlets for Mexican petroleum, 68 percent of which is produced for export, and there are rumors of a trade agreement with Japan. March 23 was a day of jubilee with a demonstration by 1,000,000 union workers, farmers, government employees and school children celebrating the seizure. The government will experience great difficulty meeting the workers' payrolls and there is such a shortage of gas and oil in Sonora that officials at Nogales have been instructed to prevent any tank cars from crossing the American border. Mr. Cárdenas has given assurances that the oil industry is an exceptional case and in order to resume foreign debt payments is trying to end the labor dispute which has tied up the Monterrey plant of the American Smelting and Refining Company, source of one-half of the 5,000,000 ounces of silver purchased each month by the United States.

***Amendments.*** — Four constitutional amendments are being discussed in Congress. With opinion equally divided, the Senate Judiciary Committee decided to report, but without endorsement, the equal rights amendment sponsored by the National Woman's party and allied organizations. Senator Burke, sponsor of the proposal, urged that, in view of the troubled conditions elsewhere in the world, there should be no discrimination against women. No date has been set for Senate action on this amendment. A second amendment, sponsored by Senator Norris, would change the Constitution to permit state ratification of amendments by popular vote as well as by the legislatures or by state conventions. Amendments would have to be ratified by the agency proposed by Congress within five years. A proposed amendment would die whenever more than one-fourth of the states rejected it. Amendments offered for ratification by popular vote would have to be submitted to the voters at the next succeeding election for state representatives, unless this election was less than sixty days from the date of submission. When Congress proposed ratification by conventions the delegates would be elected at large in each state within five years after the date of submission of the amendment. Concurrence of a majority of a convention would be necessary for a decision. The Norris amendment would apply only to other amendments proposed after its ratification and it would have to be ratified in five years after its submission by Congress to become effective. Congressional leaders are also studying reports by the Committee on Federal Legislation of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York which recommend the submission and adoption of two constitutional amendments—one fixing the number of United States Supreme Court members at nine, and the other providing for the compulsory retirement of all federal judges at a fixed age.

***A South American Pastime.***—Plinio Salgado, head of the dissolved Integralista party, and five of his assistants were sought by the police of Rio de Janeiro, March 18, following the discovery of an alleged nation-wide plot to assassinate President Getulio Vargas and other government leaders. A communiqué said the Integralistas planned a coup d'état on March 2, but it was postponed. The police and Secret Service apparently learned of the plan, but allowed the movement to progress. Later the leaders, including a few army officers, were arrested. Many Integralista members went to the police and denied any knowledge of the plot. The Integralistas became bold, it now appears, a few days before when a German agent was jailed by Porto Alegro police for preaching German doctrines and obedience to Chancellor Adolf Hitler among German Brazilians. A connection now is made between the time the agent was arrested and the date for the Integralista uprising. Steps taken by the Vargas government against German organizations in Brazil brought a reproof on March 21 from the *Diplomatische Korrespondenz,* which faintly hints that a continuation of such steps would not remain without effect on German-Brazilian relations. The Foreign Office organ invokes in this instance neither the right of self-determination nor the protectorate over German minorities that Chancellor Hitler proclaimed in his Reichstag speech on February 20, but it argues that President Getulio Vargas is not in complete control of the domestic situation.

***Problem 19.***—An American armada of 150 fighting ships, 500 modern aircraft, manned by 3,600 officers and 55,000 enlisted men, began maneuvers along the 5,000-mile defense line from Alaska to Samoa by way of Hawaii. Details of these important operations are being kept secret. It is known, however, that Problem 19 has three phases. An attack from sea and air on Pearl Harbor will test the strength of defense units at Honolulu. Rear Admiral Orin G. Murfin commands the Red fleet which will defend Hawaii against the attack of an invader, the Blue fleet. An attack on Oahu will be the second phase of Problem 19. The Red fleet must defeat an enemy seeking to establish a base on the island. Such a situation will afford an opportunity for training personnel of the fleet under simulated war conditions. After a period of rest at Pearl Harbor, the armada will return to California. The third phase of Problem 19 will consist in a defense of the Pacific Coast against an invader.

***Far East.*** — Japanese forces penetrated to a point twenty miles north of Suchow, the important center toward the eastern end of the Lung-Hai railroad, which is still in Chinese hands. But the outcome of the fierce battle that raged along the banks of the Grand Canal was inconclusive and the Chinese reported successes in large-scale counter-attacks. Casualties on both sides were reported heavy. The success of the defenders' guerilla

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tactics was becoming increasingly apparent, as reports of the annihilation of Japanese outposts, the severing of communications and the capture of munitions poured in. Japanese are reported to have organized a new government for Central China with its capital at Nanking, independent but affiliated with the North China puppet state, whose capital is Peiping, more autonomous than North China or Manchukuo. Two hundred miles behind the Japanese lines 500,000 farmers in the supposedly conquered agrarian province of Hopeh have formed a guerilla army to fight the Japanese. General Yu Cheng-tsao, commander of the Hopeh area, told a representative of the Associated Press, "Our policy is to unite the landlords and peasants against Japanese imperialism, but all our troops are given three hours' instruction on Leninism daily." The Central Government of China planned to reorganize for prolonged defense, March 29. Opening new headquarters at 57 William Street, New York, the American Bureau for Medical Aid to China announced renewed efforts to secure funds for the 16,000,000 Chinese now homeless.

***Atlantic Air Mail.***—Plans for the establishment this year of regular transatlantic air mail lines with perhaps two American companies participating are being considered by the Post Office and Commerce Departments. Officials are known to be of the opinion that the events of the coming summer may decide whether the United States is going to maintain or lose its present leadership in international air commerce. Government help is ready in the form of liberal mail subsidies. The Post Office Department has available about $2,000,000 for this purpose. Pan American Airways has informed government officials that as far as equipment and personnel are concerned it could undertake a regular schedule this summer. American Export Airlines, subsidiary of the American Export Lines, Inc., disclosed to officials a few days ago that it had selected a consolidated flying boat capable of spanning the Atlantic non-stop from New York or Boston to Portugal or Spain with a pay load of mail for its first survey flights. Moreover, this company has arranged for landing permits in France, Germany and Italy, and it is understood will receive similar concessions from Spain as soon as conditions there warrant peaceful and safe commerce. According to information in Washington, General Franco is anxious to establish either Cadiz or Corunna or some other port on the Atlantic as the European terminal of a transatlantic air line. Portugal, which has granted a concession in the Azores to Pan American Airways, is equally interested in furnishing the transatlantic airport. A year ago it was expected that Imperial Airways and Pan American Airways would be flying on regular schedule this summer between Southampton and New York. If the British insist on the American company delaying another year or two until Imperial perfects its planes, it is understood the Post Office Department will ask for bids on air mail to ports in continental Europe, with Spain and Portugal in mind especially. In April or May, the first of the new Boeing Clippers, designed for a 4,000-mile range with a pay load of four tons, will start its test flights.

***Housing.***—On March 17, President Roosevelt authorized the first contracts and federal expenditures made possible by the Housing Act. Administrator Strauss arranged the five low-rent housing and slum-clearance projects to be undertaken at Austin, Texas, Charleston, S. C., New Orleans, La., Syracuse, N. Y., and Youngstown, Ohio. Plans call for 3,077 homes for 12,000 slum dwellers at rentals ranging from $4.25 per room in Syracuse and Youngstown down to $2.75 to $3 a room in Austin. One slum dwelling will be eliminated for every new home built. The federal allotment to the projects is $16,836,000. * * * The Bureau of Labor Statistics announced that the value of building construction in 1937 was about 10 percent greater than in 1936. In 1,728 cities having a population of 2,500 or over, the value of all building permits in 1937 was approximately $1,700,000,000, of which nearly half was new residential buildings, over one-third new non-residential construction, and about 20 percent additions, alterations and repairs. Per capita expenditures for all types of construction in the 1,728 cities during 1937 amounted to about $28. In towns with a population of 2,500 to 5,000, per capita expenditures were in excess of $44, while in cities having a population of between 100,000 and 500,000, they amounted to approximately $22. In cities having between 2,500 and 5,000 population 54.6 families were provided for per 10,000 population, while in the urban area as a whole, only 30.6 families were provided for per 10,000 population.

***Non-Catholic Religious Activities.*** — A denunciation of the Southern senators who filibustered successfully against the anti-lynching bill was voted by the Women's Missionary Council of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, holding its twenty-eighth annual convention at Tulsa, Okla. The resolution pledged the council to continue its efforts to "eradicate the evil of lynching through education in local communities and through the promotion of proper legislation." A copy of the resolution was sent to all Southern senators. The council also expressed opposition to the proposed industrial mobilization bill, endorsed the government campaign for control of venereal diseases, and voted to lay major emphasis during 1938 "on the necessity of the cooperation of the United States with other nations to eliminate war and to establish and maintain peace with justice." * * * In spite of the indefinite suspension of Decision No. 4781, which would dissolve all their churches, Baptists in Rumania are still experiencing persecution in some districts. Baptists have been told that the obstacles in the way of their full recognition are the absence of a statute and complete statistics. But authorities have given them no opportunity to discuss the statute submitted in 1935. The demand made on the Baptists for a list of the names and addresses of all members and their children has been made upon no other denomination, it is charged. * * * Union Good Friday services in which all the Protestant denominations will participate will be held in over 3,000 American communities, according to Dr. Jesse M. Bader, secretary of the Committee on Evangelism of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

***Labor.***—Assistant WPA Administrator Aubrey Williams issued figures showing that WPA employment reached its low during last September, when 1,450,000 persons were on its payrolls. At the beginning of March the figure was approximated at 2,000,000, and it was expected that before April the total would climb to 2,500,000. In the same report Mr. Williams told that 98 percent of the WPA projects are proposed and sponsored by state and local governments, and that the average contributions of these non-federal agencies has increased from 8½ percent to 23 percent of the cost. * * * Railroad executives have asked labor leaders "to discuss the economic situation of the industry and to consider what can be done about it." It was expected that the managers would try to persuade the unions to accept wage cuts, and it was likely that the problem of mergers and their effect on labor would be gone over. * * * Actors Equity Association elected a new board, the conservatives leading in the voting by about two to one. Communists and Communism in the theatre was the chief issue. * * * The Propeller Club, powerful organization of shipping executives and officers, sent a strong protest to the Maritime Commission against the power and practise of some maritime unions to strike on issues that arise from inter-union fights. The C.I.O. unions of the New York Maritime Council appealed for a special investigation of the shipping labor situation. The council expressed distrust of the activities of Senator Copeland and of investigations he might "engineer" (Senator Copeland is head of the Senate committee having charge of the matter). The unions also defended the provisions of their constitutions which forbid discrimination against members on grounds of religious or political belief, race or nationality. This was in answer to the attacks upon them, led by Senator Copeland, for having Communists in their midst.

***Hospitallers.***—Four hundred years ago John Cindad, a Portuguese who had fought for Charles V and later sold religious books and images to spread piety in the environs of Gibraltar, established a hospital at Granada to shelter pilgrims, beggars and other travelers, to nurse the sick and diseased and to protect the insane. During the twelve remaining years of his life his charitable acts were accompanied by many miracles; in 1690, he was canonized as Saint John of God and is today the patron of the sick, of hospitals, and of printers and booksellers. The order of Brothers Hospitallers which he founded has spread throughout Europe, to America and to Palestine. Today the order operates 141 houses and hospitals throughout the world. They are staffed by 2,500 religious and have a capacity of over 26,000 patients. The fourth centenary of the order was observed by a pontifical Mass celebrated at the Cathedral of Notre Dame by Cardinal Verdier of Paris; Bishop Dubourg of Besançon preached the sermon and Monsignor Valeri, the French Nuncio, gave the apostolic blessing. According to *La Vie Catholique,* the Brothers Hospitallers of St. John of God "were among the first to devote themselves to the care of the sick poor and to the relief of all the physical and moral miseries which oppress and will always oppress humanity."

***Fortunes Reorganized.***—On March 21, announcements were made of major changes in the organization of the Rockefeller and Hearst fortunes. A statement from American Newspapers, Inc., topmost holding company of W. R. Hearst, told that Mr. Hearst, seventy-five years old and "conscious of the uncertainties of life," had decided to "place on a more permanent basis a comprehensive plan of management for all his varied enterprises—newspapers, magazines, art objects, mines, ranches and real estate." Hearst enterprises have 27,000 employees; they own 23 newspapers, the *American Weekly* and 9 magazines published in America and 3 in England. They are all controlled by Mr. Hearst through a four-story structure of holding companies. Last October he appointed an executive committee of his major officers to conduct the business, and now he has transferred to Clarence J. Shearn the voting power of his stock. Mr. Hearst retains the editorship of his publications and the earnings from the investments. * * * The $51,000,000 endowment of the Rockefeller Foundation and the $148,000,000 endowment of the General Education Board were freed from their previous restrictions during the week. The announcement stated that "the wisdom of this generation cannot be substituted for the wisdom of the next in the solution of problems hidden from our eyes." The immense Rockefeller accumulation can be used for new purposes, which are "to be as reasonably related to the original purposes as may be found practicable, having regard to intervening changing conditions." Even the principal can gradually be distributed. After five years, the foundations can spend 5 percent of the principal a year, and after twenty years any part may be used for some other purpose than those embodied in the original gifts. The four great Rockefeller endowments have spent since their foundation about $645,000,000, and the elder Mr. Rockefeller gave away personally $84,000,000.

***Lake Dick.***—The Farm Security Administration of the Department of Agriculture is sponsoring a unique resettlement farm community project at Lake Dick, Ark. Fifty-four young families, former tenants on big plantations, are now participating in the cooperative enterprise. Each family has a house, with a few acres of garden space behind to raise vegetables, and a chicken house. They are purchasing the property from the government on forty-year terms. The community house has eight rooms for school, a kindergarten, a chemical laboratory, a large auditorium, a kitchen and an outside range for meetings and entertainments. The tenants work in common 2,600 acres, also owned in common. They are paid a daily wage equal to the prevailing plantation wage for the tasks each are performing. Profits from the farm and the cooperative store will be divided among them each year. The immediate object of the new experiment, which will eventually care for eighty families, is to show what tenant farmers may do for themselves if properly encouraged. The ultimate objective is to get the land back into the hands of small, independent farmers and to restore economic democracy in the Southern farm country where there are now 1,790,783 tenant families.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Play and Screen

## *Prologue to Glory*

THIS is a play which will arouse both enthusiasm and regret. The enthusiasm will be caused by several things. In the first place there is the earnestness and sincerity of the dramatist. Mr. E. P. Conkle knows the real American of the Middle West, he can reproduce the pungency of his dialogue, and he can fashion scenes of poignancy and truth. This he showed last season in "200 Were Chosen," and this he shows again in "Prologue to Glory." Mr. Conkle unlike our urban proletarian writers, not only believes in the common man, but loves him, and his love is not merely the reverse side of his hate for those above him. Mr. Conkle is no Communist, and to him Americans are Americans and not transplanted Latins, Slavs or Semites. He is a sort of Sinclair Lewis of the theatre, without Lewis's tendency to caricature. And in the story of the young Lincoln in his budding ambitions, and his love for Ann Rutledge, he has chosen a subject quite up his street. Perhaps he has taken slight liberties with history, but on the whole he has fashioned a play which in its spirit and atmosphere is true to the theme and the period. His depiction of young Lincoln is deeply felt and poignant, and he is almost equally good in his drawing of the people about him. Whatever else may be said of the play it is never false either to spirit or character. It is a veritable piece of Americana, homely, sincere, pregnant with the faith which inspired the men and women of the frontier, a faith which envisioned democracy as builded on the rock of eternal truth, a faith still held, despite a world gone mad, by the great majority of Americans.

Another cause for enthusiasm is the acting and production. The Federal Theatre Project has done nothing better, perhaps taken as a whole nothing as good. The stage direction of Leo Bulgakov, the settings by Walter Walden, the lighting by Feder, the costumes by Mary Merrill, are all of a high order of merit, and the individual performances are on the part of the men at least admirable. Roderick Maybee as Jack Armstrong, the wrestler whom Lincoln conquers, is in particular excellent, and to single out a few others there are Tom Morrison as Squire Bowlin Green, Henry Buckler as Dr. Allen, and Master Jimmie Lydon as Denny. And then of course there is the young actor who plays Lincoln. Stephen Courtleigh comes by his talent by right of inheritance, for his father, William Courtleigh, was one of the most accomplished of American actors, as those who saw his Caesar and his Henry IV can testify. Young Mr. Courtleigh is in the phrase of the theatre a "natural" for the young Lincoln, despite his good looks which Abe had not. Mr. Courtleigh is tall, gangling, slow, humorous, tender. It is indeed a feat for an actor to make one really believe he is a hero of history, but this is precisely what Mr. Courtleigh accomplishes. Let's hope he will not forsake the theatre for Hollywood.

The third cause for enthusiasm is that "Prologue to Glory" shows that the Federal Theatre is not sold to radical propaganda. "Prologue to Glory" in its spirit is 100 percent American in the best and highest sense.

And now last comes the cause for regret. Taken strictly as a play "Prologue to Glory" is not a success. Mr. Conkle has not dramatized his material, but has simply set down a number of incidents in the life of his hero, set them down truly and at times poignantly, but without throwing them into the highlight of drama. In short Mr. Conkle has written it rather as a pageant than as a play. As fortunately any American audience is interested in Lincoln, it holds the interest. But as a play it does not stand on its own feet; it requires a public already half sold to it to succeed. Yet despite its faults it is a worthy and interesting effort, and is the sort of thing the Federal Theatre can do well. Miss Flanagan and Mr. Kondolf are to be congratulated on giving it, and giving it so well. (At the Maxine Elliot Theatre.)

GRENVILLE VERNON.

## *The Girl of the Golden West*

"THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST," from Metro-Goldwn-Mayer's Hollywood "house of hits," misses. There are sweeping sets, beautiful photography, splendid music and strong player material. But the play lacks artistry in handling, both in direction and performance, and the story itself is as cumbersome.

Much more was expected from the famous David Belasco stage production of thirty-odd years ago. During production of the screen version its progress was touted far and wide as presaging a lyrically romantic highlight of the motion picture season. On its completion we find, instead, a well-dressed "Western" melodrama that is stretched to a monotony quite strange to behold for the money and the effort spent on it.

The producers have unquestionably given the fullest effect to their camera's scope for framing wide stretches of awesome mountainous topography, and the music they have written for it has a rhythmic beauty all its own. But what matters those qualities when in between they are choked by lengthy and unentertaining sequences that point up the lack of inspiration of director, and which in turn must have influenced the effectiveness of performers. There is an overplayed roughness by Jeannette MacDonald, ordinarily a demure little miss, in the rôle of the swashbuckling saloon-owner among grizzly gold-panners of California in '49. Equally as hard to appreciate are the too, too handsome cavortings of the handsome Nelson Eddy in an attempt at playing the toughest hombre in the pioneering period, with a price of $10,000 on his head, the highest for any bandit in the land. An advance report disclosed that Miss MacDonald's assignment "will (partially at any rate) satisfy her nine-year-old nephew's long-expressed desire to see her play a 'Western.'" At least that much may have been accomplished.

The Belasco play has been modernized with music and lyrics by Sigmund Romberg and Gus Kahn, the modernization being carried as far as the technique of present-day mass girl-and-boy dance formation permits, for which Albertina Rasch was responsible.

JAMES P. CUNNINGHAM.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Communications

## MUSIC IS YOURS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: In each copy of THE COMMONWEAL there is a variety of stimulative material—much to applaud, considerable to take under advisement, and usually something irritating. The latter, may I say it diffidently, is very often in the editorial column. Because I am so often on the wrong side of the argument, I am predisposed to regard your most unlikely (to me) comments as having a probability of soundness and, therefore, I go on reading the editorials hopeful that one of us will change.

The March 18 issue had at least two items that talked particularly to my non-economic interests and inspired this letter of appreciation—the review of "Amelia" and the article on "Music Is Yours," by Frances Boardman. The review of the opera was fine. Apparently there is to be a considerable difference of opinion as to its worth, and Mr. Vernon's opinion is helpful in determining one's own. Analysis is not always the immediate reaction, however delightful that reaction may be, and for my part, the opera seems to merit consideration beyond the superficial, musical-comedy attitude so many people take to opera-in-English.

"Music Is Yours" especially took my fancy. What an excellent idea that is—concertising at home by phonograph with an authoritative, but informal, background or direction. The programs mentioned were symphonic, although it was said that the same idea could be employed in other phases of music. During the season, the "Met" broadcasts could be made the basis of opera-clinics. In the sphere of "voice," phonograph records can again be utilized. But some of the truly great voices are gone, and the records of their voices have been thrown out in the first enthusiasm for radio. Fortunately the discs have returned considerably to favor, and today there are more good records made than ever before. Fortunately, too, some people, notably William Selsam's International Record Collection Club, of Bridgeport, Conn., have retrieved many of the rare records, and many an unpublished one, and made them available to all of us in material better than the original, and having none of the mental hazards of expensive collector's pieces, but all of their historical and musical value. For study of technique, style, range, interpretation, et cetera, recordings are of inestimable value, and the "great voices" have a power to thrill one that is difficult to find too frequently today.

The circle of friends that Frances Boardman describes is too far away perhaps to benefit as we in the metropolitan and outlying districts can do by sitting in on the new Saturday program on WQXR that Stephen Fassett has arranged so skilfully and illustrates so beautifully with fine recordings called "Voices of the Past." He demonstrates the development of a "great voice" from earliest recording to latest, and in following the "education" of the artist, we acquire a little ourselves, and much pleasure.

JAY REILLY.

## A DIOCESAN LIBRARY IN ACTION

Wilmington, Del.

TO the Editor: Readers of THE COMMONWEAL will recall that, back in 1932, its distinguished editor, Dr. Michael Williams, wrote, editorially, highly commending the formation of a Calvert Library Circle at the Ursuline Academy, Wilmington, Delaware. The initial lecture was delivered by Dr. Williams, whose advent to the city was the occasion of unusual and happy publicity from the local press. The city editors acted as hosts to their noted fellow journalist.

As a result of communications appearing from time to time in THE COMMONWEAL, but especially because of Dr. Williams's interest in this Catholic literary movement, many commendations and inquiries have come to us from librarians at home and abroad, notably England. This letter is an open acknowledgment of our debt to THE COMMONWEAL for valuable unpaid advertising. To the readers of THE COMMONWEAL it is another page in the evolution of the Calvert Library Circle.

From the beginning, the Most Reverend Bishop Edmond J. Fitzmaurice saw in this organization an important arm of diocesan economy, and further to give authority and permanence to the educational program, on Sunday, October 24, 1937, formally announced, by a pastoral letter, the reorganization of the Calvert Library on a diocesan basis, including it in the concept of Catholic Action properly so called, when emanating from the Ordinary of the diocese.

There is nothing new in the idea of libraries having been established by bishops; but, what is unusual about the type of library here described is its diocesan character. Every parish is called upon to contribute annually to the purchase of books. Problems of housing, organization and administration have been eliminated by the Ursulines who have turned over the Calvert Library for diocesan service.

The better to insure solidarity and stability, a constitution has been adopted. An advisory board, composed of members of the clergy and laity, is being selected, and representatives from each parish have been appointed to make contacts between the library and its borrowers. For parishes too remote from headquarters, branch stations of the library have been established. Books are distributed weekly, circulated and replaced by members of the Calvert Circle who volunteer their service before and after Masses on Sunday. Of particular interest is the fine response from the Negro parish where a large number have taken memberships.

In addition to the circulation of books, literary meetings are held every second Friday at 3:30 p.m. and on the first Monday of each month at 8:00 p.m. The Friday meetings are devoted to book reviews and open forums; while the Monday meetings are for the purpose of discussions and debates on local or national problems in the light of the encyclicals. The lectures are given by a priest of the diocese and by lay persons. These adult educational advantages are open to all who hold memberships, so that for a fee of $1 a year patrons may borrow three books at a time, and attend three lectures a month.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Book lists (fiction and non-fiction) containing the latest as well as earlier books by writers who represent a Christian philosophy of life are posted in the church vestibules and published in the daily papers.

Quoting from Bishop Fitzmaurice's pastoral, it is plain that His Excellency desires his people to be brought to the realization of the tremendous power of the printed word:

"We cannot, perhaps, change the pagan atmosphere of the world in which we live, but we can change that portion of it which we breathe, and thus preserve our religious inheritance. Let us learn to look at the questions of the day through Catholic eyes; let us acquaint ourselves with the Catholic solution of the world's problems; let us teach our children what our Catholic faith has done, and is doing for mankind; let us get together and discuss these things among ourselves—priests and people. . . . Our Diocesan Library can be made tremendously worth-while. Take advantage of the opportunities it offers you to learn of Catholic achievement and so saturate yourselves with Christian culture."

MOTHER AGATHA, O.S.U.

## PENNY WISE, POUND FOOLISH

Providence, R. I.

TO the Editor: "Comparatively few persons understand why interest is paid or what determines the rate," says the author of an economic textbook. The "time-preference" theory of interest, or the value of present goods over future goods, was condemned by the Church as "usury" in medieval times. The Church has since sanctioned interest on the theory of productivity of capital.

It would be interesting to know the theory of interest held by Oscar Newfang, whom you quote in the editorial of March 18. But whatever his theory of interest, it was good to read this sentence from his book, "Economic Welfare":

"The real remedy is a fairer division between capital and labor, by which sufficient purchasing power to clear the markets is at all times distributed to the workers, and only enough investment capital is accumulated to provide for the gradually increasing needs of a growing population."

If Mr. Newfang associates the correct rate of interest with the rate of increase in population, it would seem that he is thinking along the lines of John Maynard Keynes, who has recently written:

"I should guess that a properly run community equipped with modern technical resources, of which the population is not increasing rapidly, ought to be able to bring down the marginal efficiency of capital in equilibrium approximately to zero within a single generation."

Newfang and Keynes may soon come out with the proclamation that our present depression and all other depressions have been caused by the attempt to secure a higher rate of interest than the rate of increase in population.

M. P. CONNERY.

## SHARE THE PROFITS

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: Regarding the communication, "Share the Profits," in your issue of March 11, to think clearly upon the right to "share the profits" is our most serious duty, for upon this grave question and property right rests our civilization, indeed, our very life.

The three essential factors of business are the founder, the capitalist and the hands. The capitalist loans money for the project, taking security of some kind, at an agreed interest rate, for his share; the hands agree to work at a rate wage; and these two are paid, profits or no profits. The business man and the capitalist with no security gamble upon the successful outcome, the profits, dividends, of the venture.

The alarming feature about the claim to share the profits with the hands, lies in the fact that the business man will abandon his undertaking when he foresees no pay coming to him. Shorter hours and more pay strike at the very heart of the business, they kill the goose that lays the golden egg.

We must face the fact: it is a very rare business that is earning profits today. To keep on in the way we have taken means bankruptcy for the rails and many utilities, our chief taxpayers and our largest employers. There will be millions of unemployed, with widespread inability to pay taxes and a starving proletariat endangering the very existence of our country.

HENRY B. BINSSE.

## ECHOES OF PRESS MONTH

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: A friend of mine has called my attention to the activities connected with Catholic Press Month of a certain Catholic school. The pupils, in their zeal to further the cause of Catholic journalism, composed appropriate words to fit existing hymn tunes. Two of their efforts are perhaps worth quoting, not only for their admirable directness, but also for the moral which may be drawn from them:

"The Catholic Press Month's here again
Our interest to renew
Forgotten periodicals
Again to bring to view."

and:

"For we students, Juniors, Seniors,
Are the adults of tomorrow;
And supporting Catholic papers
Will ne'er cause us any sorrow."

MAURICE LAVANOUX.

## MORE FRUITFUL PREACHING

St. Paul, Minn.

TO the Editor: The Crusade for More Fruitful Preaching has begun a laudable apostolate. Any effort to bring about a more effective presentation of Christian truth deserves the prayerful cooperation of the laity.

RICHARD A. HOULE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Books

## Sacrifice May Be Selfish

*Bow Down to Wood and Stone, by Josephine Lawrence. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.* $2.50.

*Fatherland, Farewell, by Gösta Larsson. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.* $2.50.

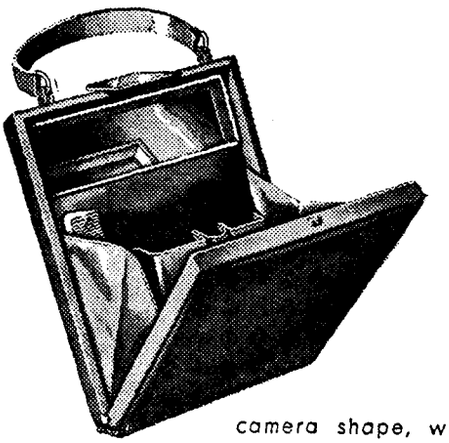
*Under Capricorn, by Helen Simpson. New York: The Macmillan Company.* $2.50.

IN THESE novels, Miss Lawrence and Mr. Larsson essay to engage our attention in a more serious manner than does Miss Simpson, but she, I think, will be listened to most attentively. Perhaps this will be because her tale is hidden by no moral adornment. Its moral is the *raison d'être* of Miss Lawrence's story: she writes with the spare directness that has distinguished all her novels, she succeeds in evoking, if not quite creating, characters by well-chosen minutiae, and she captures the tenor of suburban life in a deliberately unaccented style, but she justifies the exercise of this skill by the thesis she seeks to advance—that sacrifice may be selfish. Her story concerns three sisters who give themselves up for children, husband or job, effacing themselves in the covert hope that what they will gain ultimately will far outweigh what they lose immediately. Sacrifice that is not an offering of love but a proffered bargain is no true sacrifice, and Miss Lawrence does well in pointing this out; but one wishes she could have complemented it by showing some recognition of the nature of true sacrifice. She need not have done so by example or declaration; it could merely have been the implied norm that gave point to her fable. And it might also have given it more interest, for her repeated demonstrations of the way of a particular human error become a dreary lesson, and the nodding reader defeats her high purpose.

No such clear-cut lesson emerges from Mr. Larsson's story of the Swedish industrial proletariat before the war. His workers are of course oppressed (which workers frequently are) and their position is nearly hopeless (which it must often seem), but tales come to them of the glories that America has to offer, and we leave the principal characters crying, "Fatherland, farewell!" Mr. Larsson's incidental observations are good and his sympathy for his people is well communicated, but it is hard to give him credit for much else: his novel is lacking in form, both in respect to plot and to the dominating idea that will often give significance to otherwise unrelated action. A good part of his story is taken up with the doings of a young engineer who seems chiefly a figure of the author's recollections of his own youth. The young engineer is perhaps introduced to give in more poignant and intimate terms the problem that besets all the characters, but neither he nor the author sees that problem with sufficient clarity to make his story cohere in the book. Since Mr. Larsson sets worker off against the system, and implies that overseas things are not one whit better, the Leftist press will probably find more meaning in his novel than is discovered here.


**B. ALTMAN & CO.**

FIFTH AVENUE 34TH STREET



camera shape, with comb and large inset mirror; and pockets for cigarettes, vanity, and lipstick. **5.00**

zipper topped, with address book, key ring, cigarette space, comb and large mirror. **5.00**

**vanity, vanity . . .**

**but practical, practical too. Two new shapes; look at the space . . . the fixtures. Yucatan, black or navy calf. Initials 50c to 1.00 each. main floor**


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Plausibility is something that Miss Simpson disavows for her story. Her scene is Sydney in the days when a great number of its citizens had not long been divested of the mark of the arrow-head, and she mixes dashing young aristocrat, shop girl, bibulous lady and criminal coachman with fine abandon. She does this so deftly, in that easy style which seems the especial faculty of the English writer, and salts it so nicely with humor, without which the exotic scene might cloy a bit, that everyone can surely enjoy a concoction which pretends to be nothing more substantial than it is. The light touch, after all, is not something lightly come by, and in novels the reader is too often obliged to make the strenuous efforts that should have been undertaken in the author's study. And, in many cases, we do not notice just what flimsy stuff we are being handed because of the weighty air with which it is given to us.

GEOFFREY STONE.

## Colleen in Russia

*Soviet Tempo, by Violet Conolly. New York: Sheed and Ward.* $2.50.

MISS CONOLLY, an inveterate Irish traveler, visited Russia in 1928 for the ostensible purpose of learning the Russian language. Her interest in the gigantic Soviet experiment was permanently awakened and, upon her return to Dublin, she became an ardent student of Russian affairs. Having written two books on Soviet economic relations with eastern countries and edited and translated many more for other people, she decided to return to Russia for a few months, chaperoned by Intourist, in order to satisfy herself that her ideas were consonant with reality.

Speaking Russian with the same fluency as Gaelic, her brief itinerary included Moscow, the new industrial centers at Gorki and Charkow, the State sanatoria on the Black Sea, the oil fields of Baku, the Georgian city of Tiflis and the Armenian city of Erivan, thence back to Moscow by way of Rostov-on-Don. She sailed from Odessa early in 1937, and arriving at Athens, immediately began work on her travel journal. The result is a series of vivid, sharply etched impressions of daily life in the land of bureaucrats, firing squads and abortion clinics.

Miss Conolly found that half the people in Moscow are still living in the worst slum conditions. The trains do not run on time and are badly ventilated. There is a lack of proper winter garments at moderate prices. Scholarship, industry, agriculture and everything else is strictly regimented. Precious human values are everywhere ignored. Anti-religious propaganda has slowed down because the war against religion has been won among the masses. Cash and comfort go together in the Soviet Union as in capitalistic countries. Special privilege has not been destroyed. Madame Molotoff, for example, is permitted to conduct a gorgeous beauty salon in Moscow that rivals anything in the Rue de la Paix because she is the wife of the President of the People's Commissars. A university graduate earns 300 rubles a month; but a decent pair of leather shoes costs at least 250 rubles.

The price of all this honest reporting will be that Miss Conolly, a practising Christian, will be as welcome in Russia again as André Gide.

We regard it as particularly significant that the great majority of Russian workers believe enthusiastically that they are one with the economic development of the country, "sharing its triumphs and reaping the rewards of their toil in a more abundant life." This may be a snare and a delusion; but so long as the workers are convinced that, for all its present imperfections, they are building a new and better economy, after-dinner opponents of Communism in this country will accomplish very little in the way of destroying the Communist menace by emphasizing the fact that the plumbing in Russia is wretched and sanitary arrangements leave much to be desired. Some progress will be registered only when we permit our actions to speak for us, only when we begin building a new supernaturalized social order that will safeguard and preserve fundamental human values and, at the same time, strive unceasingly for justice and decency in the economic order. When we begin to put these aims and ambitions into practise, much will be forgiven us by the American proletariat.

JOHN J. O'CONNOR.

## Half Masterpiece

*The Pasquier Chronicles, by Georges Duhamel; translated by Beatrice de Holthoir. New York: Henry Holt and Company.* $3.50.

AS THE French would put it, the Chronicles Pasquier are of the most rambling. They start off directly and slowly enough, building up incident by incident the atmosphere of a straitened Parisian home. Hazy as all genuine childhood recollections, the story develops an increasing feeling of penury, insecurity, cramped quarters, lack of privacy and mutual irritability, heightened by the maddening mirage of a long-awaited legacy. How ugly the poorer districts of the French metropolis, how impossible a satisfactory family life in a dirty, crowded tenement!

Gradually, as the Pasquiers' youngest son and the author's protagonist, Laurent, enters upon the difficult period of adolescence the narrative gains in ideational interest and emotional power. At the climax the reader experiences a sense of personal loss when Laurent's world of noble aspirations, intellectual curiosity and youthful ideals is shattered by the discovery of the scandalous conduct of his father—a gargantuan figure with the histrionic bravado to outface a thousand bailiffs, the energy to win several degrees through study after work and a pathological weakness for women. The effect of the scandal given by M. Pasquier is comparable with the most moving scenes in Duhamel's "Salavin," published in this country a year ago.

Past the halfway post "The Pasquier Chronicles" pull up lame. The universal theme of a conscious quest for happiness and the widening outlook of an intelligent young man are beclouded by the introduction of a flock of minor characters. And Duhamel shifts to an unsatis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fying, indirect method of narration. Once the skillfully built up, emotional tension relaxes it is never recaptured. It is a most unfortunate manner of indicating that the sanguine aspirations of the turn of the century had ended in defeat and confusion.

Throughout the book the modern world's formulae for happiness are honestly examined—science, the arts, the acquisition of wealth, life and work in common. The failure of a Brook Farm experiment brings the tale to an inconclusive though not despondent close. M. Pasquier, his motherly wife, all the Pasquiers, in fact, and a few of their intimate friends are remarkably memorable characters. From the tone of the book it is readily seen why the author declared in a recent interview that on the basis of his life's experience he "would range himself on the side of the Christian democrats" if he had to make a choice today. If in this case he had allowed his study of childhood and adolescence to develop along the lines he began, the Pasquier collection would have been a great book instead of merely one of the best novels of the day.

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

## Renaissance Portraits

*Moulders of Destiny, Renaissance Lives and Times, by Lloyd W. Eshleman. New York: Covici-Friede.* $3.00.

MR. ESHLEMAN'S galaxy includes ten biographies embracing the era from the last quarter of the fourteenth through the first quarter of the seventeenth century. Another author might well have made a quite different selection. But after perusing the book, nobody can lay it down without agreeing that all these particular lives are enormously important.

One is by no means surprised to find sketches of Lorenzo Valla, the erudite humanist, of Henry VII, who laid the foundations of Tudor despotism in England, of Machiavelli, the Florentine patriot and publicist, of Raphael, who introduced into his paintings the best elements of classicism, of Saint Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Company of Jesus. Astonishing at first sight, however, is the choice of other figures: Charles VII of France, Paracelsus, Catherine de' Medici, Don John of Austria and Jan Coen.

It almost seems that a secondary purpose of these studies is the rehabilitation of certain characters. Charles VII (Mr. Shaw's play and many of the older historians to the contrary notwithstanding) is shown to be the co-founder of French national unification along with Saint Joan. Paracelsus, hitherto generally deemed a "quack," is revealed as the father of modern medicine. To the reviewer's way of thinking, the author has done his best with Catherine de' Medici. If he is right, no longer can we accuse Catherine of undue cruelty, notably in connection with the "purge" of St. Bartholomew's Day. If Catholics plotted the overthrow of the Protestant Elizabeth of England, even more viciously did Huguenots scheme to wreck the French monarchy. Catherine was a devoted mother, striving to maintain the kingship for her brood of weak and mostly unworthy sons. Little known


**What Would You Take For Your Eyes?**

No material possession is valuable enough to make us wish to part with our eyes in exchange for it. Hundreds of thousands of poor sufferers in mission lands are blind for life because they have not the means to preserve their sight. The Catholic Medical Mission Board has the opportunity to buy twenty sets of instruments for operations on the eyes. They can send these sets to the missions for sixty dollars each. What an admirable means of remembering one of your dear departed ones, or of praying for some special intention! To save the sight of even one person would be an immense act of charity, but these instruments can save the sight of thousands. A missionary friend recently told us that he had seen an operation for cataract performed on a street corner in China!

Send sixty dollars to THE REV. EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S.J., President of the

**CATHOLIC MEDICAL MISSION BOARD**
**8 and 10 West 17th Street, New York, N. Y.**

and we shall be enabled to buy one of these sets and send it to a Mission Hospital.

**Madonna House Benefit Shop**
*Proceeds for the poor of the Lower East Side*
QUEENSBORO BRIDGE MARKET
59th Street and First Avenue
Telephone EL 5-4794

We Need
Furniture
House Furnishings
Clothing

A truck will call for anything you do not want.
Help the victims of the unemployment situation!

MADONNA HOUSE
169-175 Cherry Street New York City

**Classified Advertising**

**IRISH BOOKS AND GIFTS**

*BOOKS ON IRELAND FOR GIFTS*
*Belleek China, Kapp & Peterson Pipes, Irish Poplin Ties, Handkerchiefs, Table Linens. Greeting Cards and Calendars. Catalog. IRISH INDUSTRIES DEPOT, 780 Lexington Ave. (60th St.) N. Y. City.*

**EMPLOYMENT AGENCY**

*DUCHESNE PLACEMENT BUREAU. Direction Alumnae of the Sacred Heart. Specializing in the highest type young Catholic women, as office personnel. 120 Madison Avenue (Carroll Club Bldg.), New York City. MUrray Hill 5-0433.*

**RELIGIOUS ART**

*The famous ARS SACRA cards and pictures for Easter, Ordination, Communion, etc. More than 2000 beautiful subjects. ARS SACRA Bible wall pictures after Prof. Fugel. Write for catalogs. HERBERT DUBLER, 15 Barclay Street (Woolworth Bldg.), New York City.*


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Next Week

**VEUILLOT OF "L'UNIVERS," by H. A. Jules-Bois, treats more specific characteristics of the great French publicist and writer, and certain definite episodes in his life. In the controversy between the "liberals" and the "ultramontanes" Louis Veuillot stood adamantly—and worked and wrote excitingly—for the ultramontanes. His ultramontanism had to be tempered by the Pope himself. . . . TWILIGHT OF THE PRESS, by Ernest A. Dewey, is almost an alarmist article about the changed status, changed character, and hidden future of one of the world's most romantic professions. The press is acted upon by the whole state of society, and exists as a symptom, a barometer and a thermometer. . . . QUEBEC FOSTERS COOPERATION, by E. L. Chicanot, shows what is being done in other fields of Canada than that influenced directly by St. Francis Xavier at Antigonish. The whole province is friendly to cooperative development and the government helps it. Perhaps most interesting of all is the educational front that advances the movement. . . . THE GRAND NATIONAL, by Clarke Robinson, is a real description of a real race—in fact, of the greatest horse race in the world. Among the things that make it greatest, even the Irish Sweepstakes is one of the more recent and less colorful elements. It is the people, the place, the horses, the talk and the sport. . . . APPROACH TO MEDIEVAL RESEARCH, by David A. Elms, takes note and explains the vastly different way historians go to the Middle Ages now, contrasted with the way certain popular scholars of the past did: Gibbon, Robertson, Hallam. Rarely is it more evident that the newer men are wiser.**

to the general public has been Jan Coen, although he is outstanding as promoter of the vast Dutch Empire in the East Indies. He used to be blamed for the infamous Amboyna Massacre in the Moluccas, but apparently this was a totally unwarranted allegation.

"Moulders of Destiny" conforms to the canons of the modern "frank" biography. Yet nowhere is the candor offensive. The studies are interestingly written and all are valuable for their fresh viewpoints. Mr. Eshleman is truly abreast of the latest authorities in his field and his work proves his thorough knowledge of the older historians. One misses, nevertheless, an adequate bibliography and portraits of these Renaissance worthies to embellish an otherwise most able performance.

David A. Elms.

## Juvenile Delinquency

*Youth in the Toils, by Leonard V. Harrison and Pryor McNeill Grant. New York: The Macmillan Company.* $1.50.

"YOUTH IN THE TOILS" is the result of an intensive study of the problems of delinquent boys from sixteen to twenty-one years of age. Conceived to present the plight of boys in their contact with the law, this study challenges society not only in the application of law to youthful offenders but especially in the confinement of boys in jails awaiting trial. Stressing the fact that society misses a golden opportunity in not taking advantage of the psychological opportunity of a changed social point of view during the first hours of arrest, the whole set-up of reformatories is exposed. The authors plead for a change in the penal code to allow a Board of Judges first to determine the fact of law violation and then to allow a Board of Administration to suggest and apply the needed social cure to effect the proper social adjustment.

The Borstal system of small groupings outside the contributing delinquency environment is advocated. A very definite plan to meet the needs of boys is outlined. Unfortunately the book is based on the thesis that there can be no good in punishment. The reformatories are condemned, but it need be remembered that these institutions start off with social failures. The system is imperfect; the material is imperfect; yet somehow reformers always look for perfection in the results.

The criticism of treatment of boys in the county jails is true. The solution of this evil is the establishment of confinement awaiting trial in shelters similar to those afforded juvenile offenders under sixteen years of age. The system of probation so helpful to boys in trouble is overlooked completely. Many of the youthful so-called first offenders are really the failures of probation. This problem tackled is a real one. The solution proposed is questionable. Society, I am afraid, is not prepared to take the long step advocated. The establishment of hostels on the Borstal plan is the first practical step. If they work in this country, the dawn of a new hope for youth in the toils is here.

John P. McCaffrey.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## Briefer Mention

*Three Greek Plays, translated with introductions by Edith Hamilton. New York: W. W. Norton and Company.* $2.50. The able author of "The Greek Way" and "The Roman Way" translates the Hellene into the liberal, if not romantic, contemporary. The essays that accompany the great tragedies seem to attribute too thoroughly an "unclassical" viewpoint to the Greeks, a viewpoint impossibly similar to the author's. The translations of "Prometheus Bound," "Agamemnon" and "Trojan Women" are very clear, very smooth, and in large measure beautiful.

*St. Elizabeth of Portugal, by Vincent McNabb, O.P. New York: Sheed and Ward.* $1.00. Father McNabb is a very able impressionistic writer about the Church and the saints and charity. This miniature biography of the thirteenth-to-fourteenth-century queen who devoted herself heroically to peace, is thoroughly interesting and inspiring, although not long enough, perhaps, to be altogether clear.

*The Labor Movement in America, by Marjorie R. Clark and S. Fanny Simon. New York: W. W. Norton and Company.* $2.00. This discursive, superficial outline of the American labor movement and the national economy enthusiastically seconds the New Deal. Elementary in tone and general rather than factual, it tends to emphasize such obvious difficulties as the A.F.L.-C.I.O. dispute rather than the ruinous struggle of various Marxist and other groups for the control of important unions.

*It's Perfectly True and Other Stories, by Hans Christian Andersen; a new translation by Paul Leyssac. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.* $2.50. Folk tales like these will live on and on. Fortunately, even though the author scoffs at all English translations because he claims they "are rather pedantic," one can read his version with pleasure. And accompanied as they are by Richard Bennett's excellent illustrations they will give a key to everyone who wishes to escape our every-day, matter-of-fact world.

### CONTRIBUTORS

W. F. Kernan is a Major in the United States Army.

H. A. Jules-Bois, French poet and essayist, is the author of "L'Humanité Divine," "Les Petites Religions de Paris" and other books.

Clem Lane is assistant city editor of the Chicago *Daily News.*

Frances Frost is the author of "These Acres," a book of poems, and "Innocent Summer," a novel.

Vincent Engels contributes to current periodicals.

Count Carlo Sforza, former Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs, is the author of "Makers of Modern Europe" and "European Dictatorships."

Alex McGavick is a writer of art criticism.

Robert P. Tristram Coffin, professor of English at Bowdoin College, is the author of several books of which the latest is "Kennebec."

Geoffrey Stone is the editor of the *Examiner.*

David A. Elms is head of the history department at Newman School, Lakewood, N. J.

Rev. John P. McCaffrey is chaplain at Sing Sing Prison, Ossining, N. Y.

EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY—GIRLS' SCHOOL

COLLEGE
OF
NEW ROCHELLE

New Rochelle, N. Y.

*conducted by the*
URSULINE NUNS

Offering A. B. and B. S. Degrees

Fully Accredited by the Association of American Universities

WESTCHESTER COUNTY
*Sixteen miles from*
Grand Central Station, New York City

MUSIC SCHOOL

PIUS X SCHOOL OF LITURGICAL MUSIC
Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart
133rd St. & Convent Ave., New York, N. Y.

*Courses Offered*

Gregorian Chant—Gregorian Accompaniment—Liturgical Singing—School Music, Tone and Rhythm Series—Organ, Piano, Vocal Lessons—and other branches of Music. Four Year Course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Music.

SUMMER SESSION, JUNE 30th-AUGUST 6th

*For further information address secretary.*

REPAIRING -:- REPLATING -:- REFINISHING
(Episcopal Authorization to Handle Sacred Vessels)
Religious Articles Church Goods Vestments
Frank X. Moffitt
53 EAST 51st STREET, NEW YORK CITY

USED and OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS
of Interest to Catholics
*Bought and Sold*
Maximum Prices Paid for Catholic Libraries
*Write for current list*
AQUIN BOOK SHOP
150 East 56th Street New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY

GIRLS' SCHOOLS

## COLLEGE OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT
ON-HUDSON, CITY OF NEW YORK

Resident and Day Students

Degrees of A.B. and B.S. along exclusively cultural lines or in preparation for professional careers.

Four year courses open to all students qualifying for Bachelor's degrees in Pedagogy, Journalism, Commerce, Education and Secretarial Science.

## ACADEMY MOUNT ST. VINCENT
Senior, Junior High School and Elementary Department

*Write for Prospectus*

## MARYMOUNT COLLEGE
Tarrytown-on-Hudson, New York

Conducted by the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary

Accredited. Resident and non-resident. Confers B.A., B.S. Degrees. Special two-year course. Music, Art, Pedagogy, Journalism, Household Arts, Dramatics, Secretarial, Pre-Medical. Athletics.

Extensions: 1027 Fifth Ave., New York City
Paris, France Rome, Italy

*Address Secretary*

MARYMOUNT PREPARATORY SCHOOLS
Wilson Park, Tarrytown, New York
Fifth Ave. & 84th Street, New York City
*Address Rev. Mother*

## Mt. St. Mary-on-the-Hudson
NEWBURGH, N. Y.

*offers your daughter*

1. Training for character and health in an atmosphere, healthful, distinctive, Catholic.
2. Intellectual standards accredited by the University of the State of New York, and Association of the Middle States and Maryland.
3. Modern fire-proof buildings.
4. Sixty-eight acre campus overlooking the Hudson.
5. Athletic field and new gymnasium.

Illustrated booklet upon request.
Sisters of St. Dominic

## D'Youville College
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Grey Nuns

A College for Women, Chartered by Act of Legislature of the State of New York. Registered with the University of the State of New York. Recognized by the Department of Education, Harrisburg, Pa.

Business Administration
Social Service
Teacher Training

*Faculty*—Members of the Grey Nuns' Community, Members of the Clergy and Men and Women Lay Specialists

GIRLS' SCHOOLS

## ROSEMONT COLLEGE
ROSEMONT, PA.

Catholic College for the Higher Education of Women conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus.

Incorporated under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania with power to confer Degrees in Arts and Science.

For resident and non-resident students. Situated eleven miles from Philadelphia on the Main Line of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

*Fully accredited* *Junior Year Abroad*

Telephone Bryn Mawr 14

Address REGISTRAR

## SETON HILL COLLEGE
Greensburg Pennsylvania

*Accredited by*

Association of American Universities

Competent Student Guidance

Academic Leadership

A Junior Year Abroad

Honors Courses

Pre-Medicine, Pre-Law, Teacher Training

Degrees in Liberal Arts, Music, Home Economics

*Women from 11 foreign countries and 37 American States*

## GOOD COUNSEL COLLEGE
White Plains

WESTCHESTER COUNTY NEW YORK
Conducted by the Sisters of the Divine Compassion
Fully Accredited
Standard Courses in Arts and Sciences, pre-medical Journalism, teacher training, secretarial studies, library science, fine arts.
Unusually beautiful location. Extensive campus.
Forty Minutes from New York

## ACADEMY OF ST. JOSEPH
In-the-Pines
Brentwood, Long Island
*Boarding and Day School for Girls*
Elementary and High School, Affiliated with the State University
Complete Courses in Art, Vocal and International Music
EXTENSIVE GROUNDS, LARGE CAMPUS, ATHLETICS
HORSEBACK RIDING
ADDRESS: MOTHER SUPERIOR

## COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND
North Charles Street
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

An Accredited Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame.
Exceptional Advantages.
For Information Address the Registrar.

## MOUNT SAINT AGNES JUNIOR COLLEGE and School for Girls

*Accredited by Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools.*

Mount Washington, Baltimore, Md.
Conducted by Sisters of Mercy

*Catalogues on Application*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED